

No. 26

MERRY ENGLAND

CONTENTS

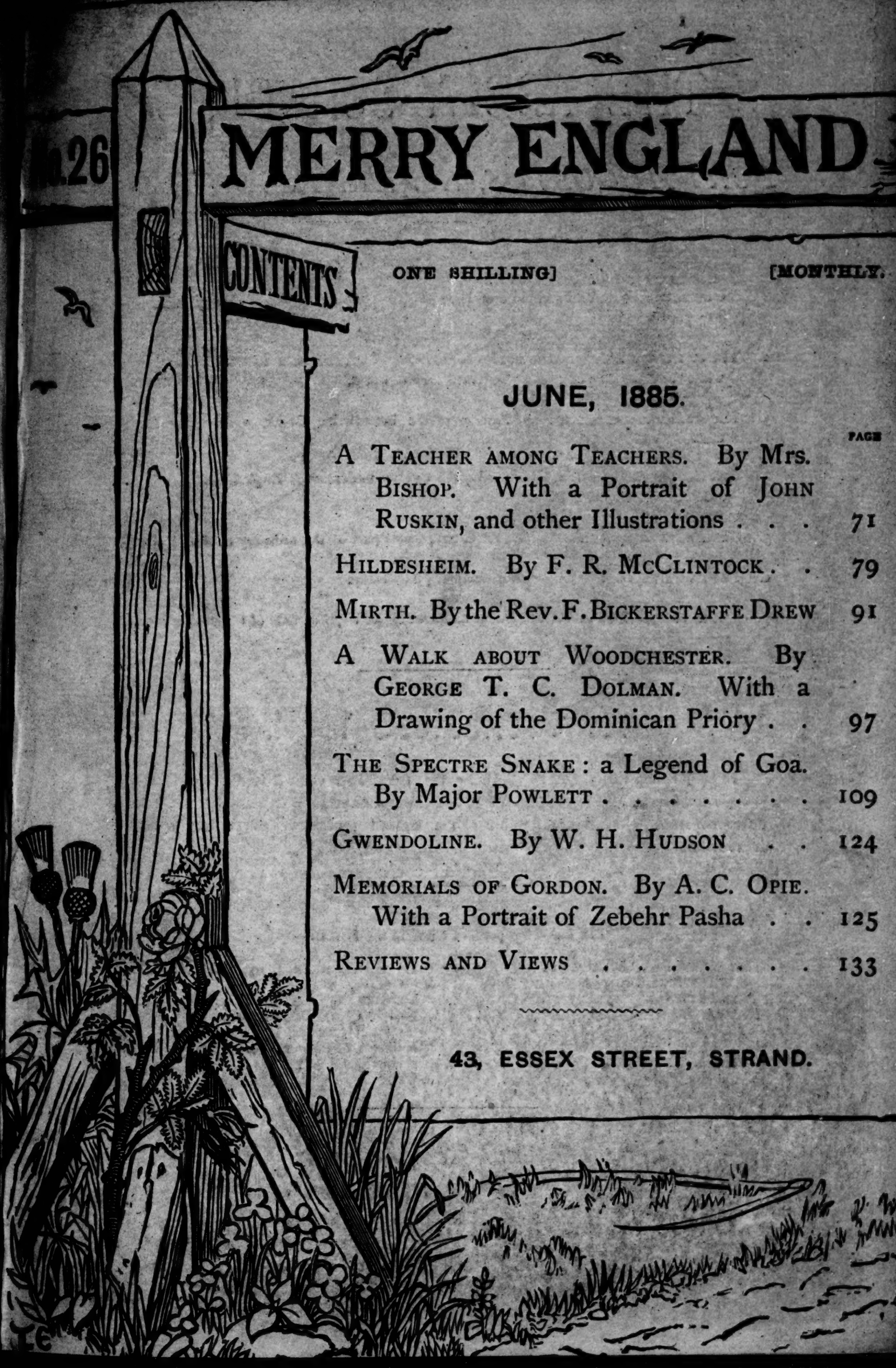
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[MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1885.

	PAGE
A TEACHER AMONG TEACHERS. By Mrs. BISHOP. With a Portrait of JOHN RUSKIN, and other Illustrations . . .	71
HILDESHEIM. By F. R. McCLINTOCK. . .	79
MIRTH. By the Rev. F. BICKERSTAFFE DREW . . .	91
A WALK ABOUT WOODCHESTER. By GEORGE T. C. DOLMAN. With a Drawing of the Dominican Priory . .	97
THE SPECTRE SNAKE : a Legend of Goa. By Major POWLETT	109
GWENDOLINE. By W. H. HUDSON . . .	124
MEMORIALS OF GORDON. By A. C. OPIE. With a Portrait of Zebehr Pasha . .	125
REVIEWS AND VIEWS	133

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Merry England.—Contents for June.

	PAGE
A TEACHER AMONG TEACHERS. By Mrs. BISHOP. With a Portrait of John Ruskin, and other Illustrations.	71
HILDESHEIM. By F. R. McCLINTOCK	79
MIRTH. By the Rev. F. BICKERSTAFFE DREW	91
A WALK ABOUT WOODCHESTER. By GEORGE T. C. DOLMAN. With a Drawing of the Dominican Priory	97
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GWENDOLINE. By W. H. HUDSON	124
MEMORIALS OF GORDON. By A. C. OPIE. With a Portrait of Zebehr Pasha	125
REVIEWS AND VIEWS	133

MARRIAGE LAWS IN THE UNITED STATES AND THEIR RESULTS.

THOSE who favour the Legislation of Marriage with a Wife's Sister are never weary of citing America as a country where experience shows that the law of prohibited degrees of Marriage may be relaxed, and that morality flourishes notwithstanding. It is asserted that the morals of America are purer than those of Great Britain and Ireland.

One writer has said : "In the United States the moral tone of Society at large, including all classes, is far better and higher than our own with regard to sexual relations. Grievous scandals are rare. The evils of the United States are patent on the surface, and compatible with sound purity and elevation of feeling. Girls of the middle and lower classes have habitually more self-respect and real innocence than in this country."

It has, therefore, been thought well to bring together some American opinions as to the state of things in the United States, that the inevitable consequence of tampering with the law of Marriage may be plainly understood upon the faith of testimony which cannot be impeached.

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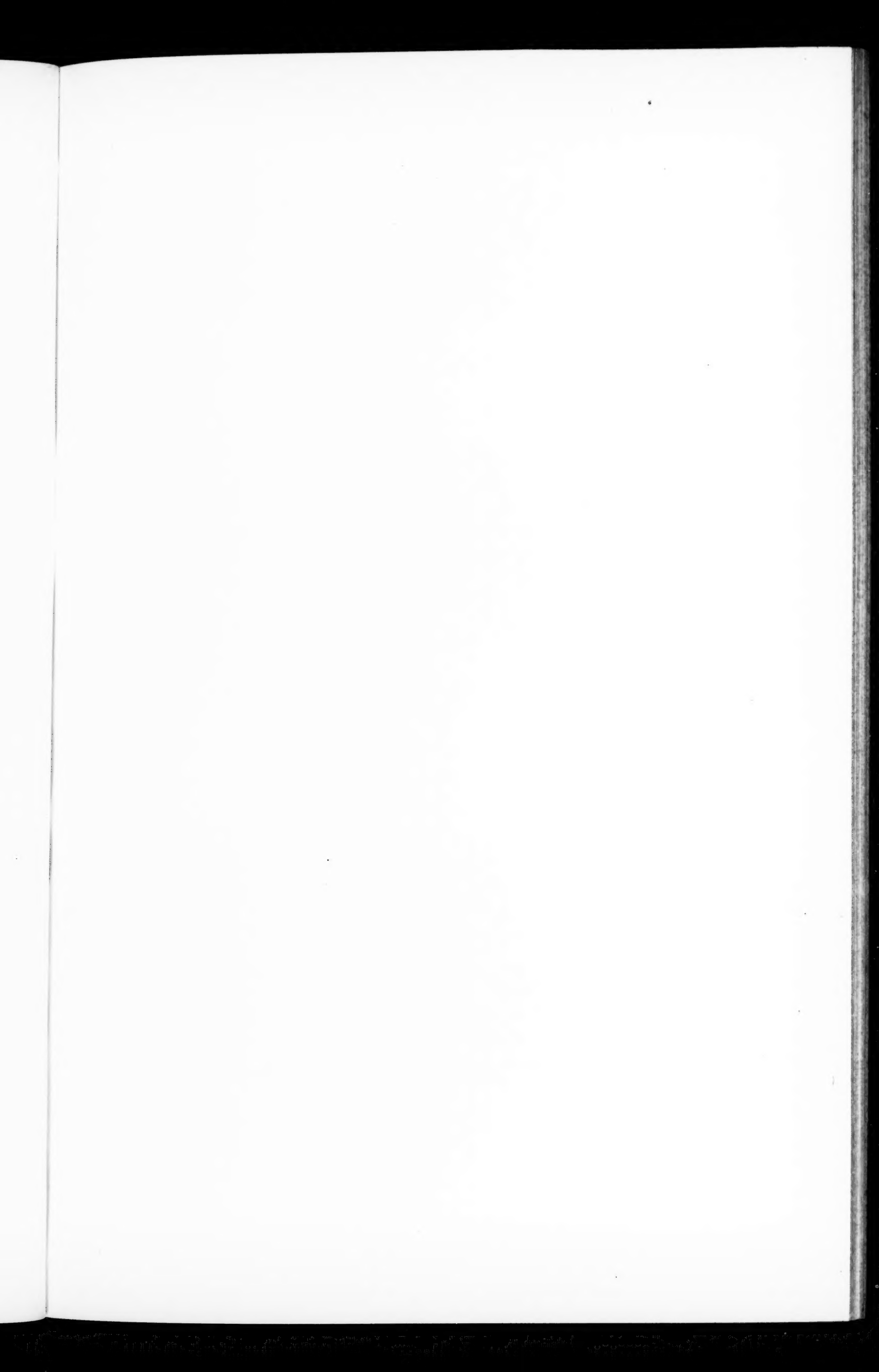
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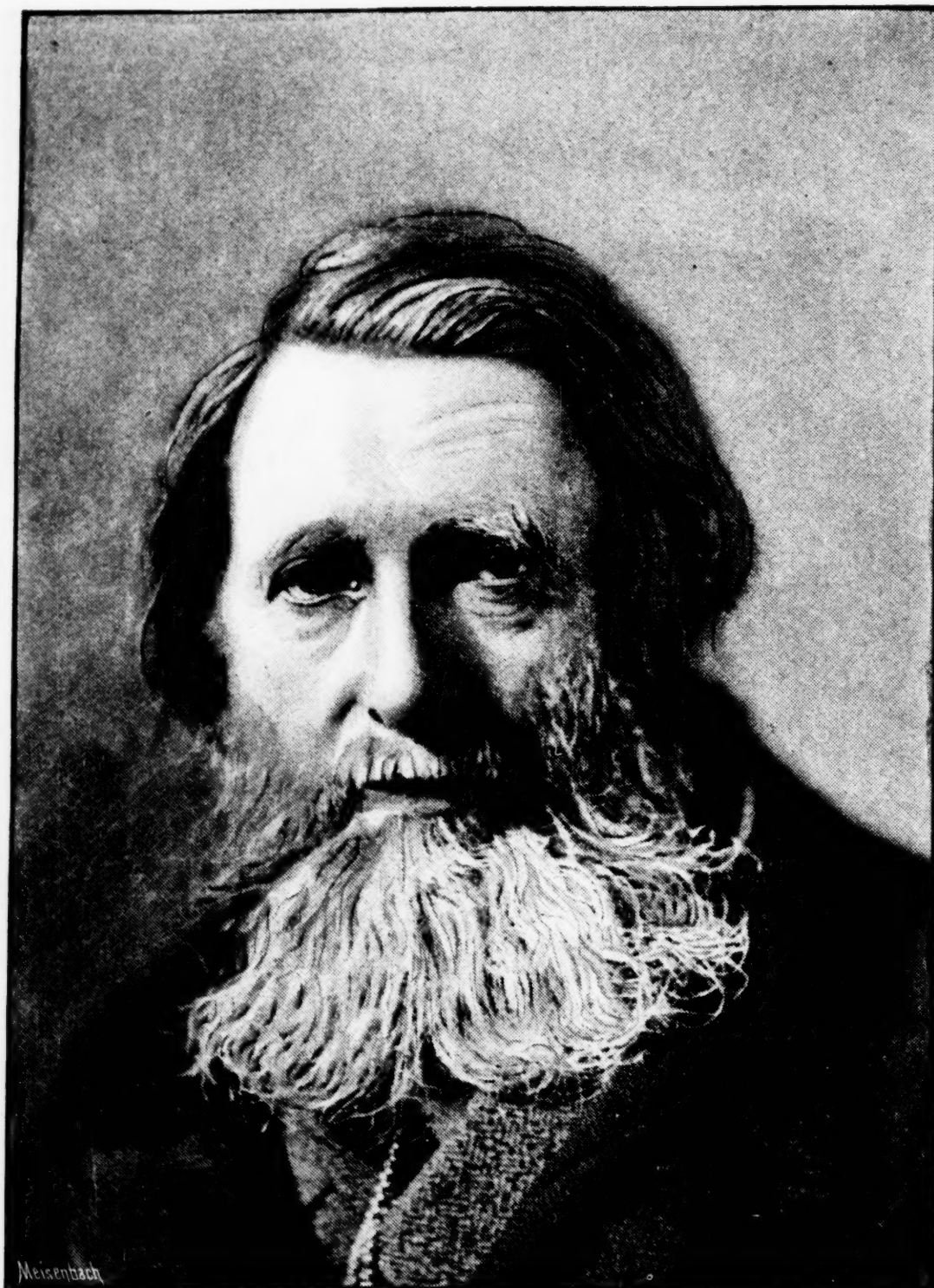
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John Ruskin



MERRY ENGLAND

JUNE, 1885.

A Teacher among Teachers.

A DAY or two before the 1st of May, I received a request from Professor Ruskin—and his request is to me a command—that I should give the May Queen at Whitelands Training College, Chelsea, the cross which is his yearly offering to the elected Sovereign of the students.

I knew nothing of the College, and surprise gave vividness to my impressions of the scene, when I had passed through the old worn gates of the eighteenth century house, and found myself in “a world of fair women” as joyous and fresh as if Chaucer had marshalled them for his favourite feast. The contrast was, as it was meant to be, a suggestive one, between the moil and toil of the modern street and the Arcadian pleasantness within, free as it was from æsthetic affectations, and owing its charm to the happy, eager young faces of the girls who hurried hither and thither in preparation for the coming ceremonies, even more than to their pretty clothes and abundant flower decorations. Outside the gate I had passed some groups of blowsed and unmannerly boys and girls, keeping the day, as they understood it, with disguised faces of the Guy Fawkes type, and odds and ends of worn-out false flowers and shreds of finery, blocking the footways by breakdown dances and discordant whirls that only wanted the tune of *Ça ira* to start a

Carmagnole along the street. Within, a holiday was being kept intelligently, and in its development of purer and higher instincts, during the play-time of the students, it "made for righteousness" as clearly as the May-day doings of the King's Road were of downward drift. The Principal of the College, who has also other large schools under his charge, allowed us to see in his room the thirty-four volumes of Professor Ruskin's works which were to be distributed by the May Queen to her subjects after her election, and the gold cross, about three inches in length, on which a spray of May-blossom, designed by Mr. Arthur Severn, was raised in high relief. A large open chest was at the end of the room, in which were arranged sixty framed drawings, the gift of Professor Ruskin, or the Master, as he should be more fitly called at Whitelands, and among them are many Turners and fifteen Albert Durers. I was told that pictures and sketches equally precious were in other rooms of the College, and there was abundant witness everywhere of the uses made of Beauty in the training of the Collegians.

This May-day blossoming of Professor Ruskin's ideas is not a mere holiday anniversary, but a proof in its slightest details of how his teaching has sunk not less into the hearts than the minds of these future teachers of youngest England.

Meantime a rustle of quicker preparation was in the air, we could but hurriedly glance at the Whitelands annual, founded by the girl guild, members of which are all asked to send in MSS. for it. On the first page were the rules of the guild, headed by the words *Ora' legi' obedi.* Its first law is to read a portion of the Psalms daily. The second, to walk daily or take equivalent exercise for an hour. Books are suggested for the year's special "hard" reading of at least half-an-hour every day, by which is, I suppose, meant attentive reading, for Tennyson, Scott, and Kingsley's "Hypatia" are surely not difficult to study, however profitable.

We were presented to the Dowager Queen, who was crowned

and garlanded with forget-me-nots, and wore last year's cross, designed by Mr. Burne Jones; to Mrs. Newton, the superintendent, and to Miss Stanley, the head governess of the College; and then before us filed into their chapel the hundred and forty-four girl students, most of whom wore simply suitable white or pale blue dresses, that surely might have set at rest the raging controversy of *æsthetes* and *modistes* touching clothes. "Girls should be like daisies, nice and white, with an edge of red if you look close, making the ground bright where they are," writes the "Master," and St. Ursula's Chapel looked brighter than any Queen's Drawing-room, and the "edge of red" was supplied by the soft flush of healthy young faces reflecting the joy of the day, and touched by the heartiness of the anthems and hymns which they joined in singing.

Past and present joined hands there. St. Ursula, with all her legendary meanings, looked down from her stained glass window at the kneeling company. As princess, or as saint and martyr, she is commemorated in the carved finials of the seats, and her window was given by the senior students of 1882. The window next to hers, in which is St. Agnes, was the choice of the following year; 1884 has chosen St. Cecilia; and these lovely models of girlhood, as one of the chief forces by which, although as by martyrdom, the world is spiritualized and purified, are to be followed year by year by St. Catherine, St. Dorothy, and St. Margaret. As I looked from symbol to living reality, I once again recognized the power of the Master, who more than any other man has linked together the truths expressed in Christian art with the living truth of pure and orderly and diligent life. It seemed a duty to pray for him in that chapel as was done before the students left it. Then passing back between the serried ranks of the six hundred day-school children, who are also under Mr. Faunthorpe's care, and who supply the classes in which the Collegians are trained to teach, we turned into a large lecture-room, at the end of which

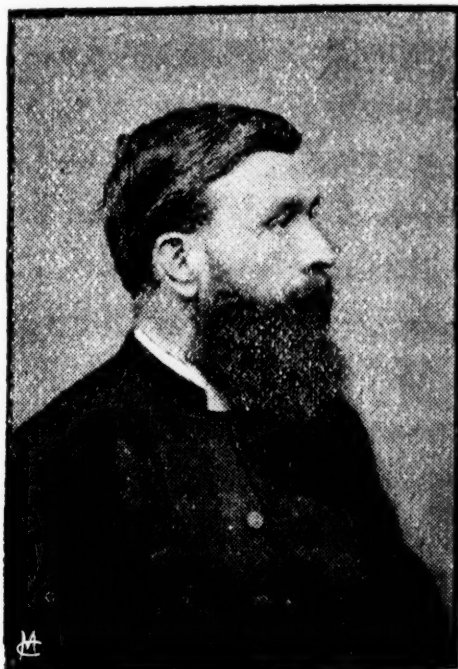
was a raised dais and a throne wreathed with spring flowers ; garlands of them made pleasant perspectives wherever I looked, the walls were decorated with them, and prominent were the letters J. R., and the Master's motto "To-day." Every girl had arranged her own flower posies, and most of them were lovely and distinctive, so that the English spring as represented there might well have vied with the spring-time of Enna. When all were seated we heard some selections from the large stock of May-day music and poetry, and then voting papers were distributed to the girls, and each was bidden to write one name for her choice of the "likeablest and loveablest" to be the year's Queen, for so the Master had defined the title to honour of the Sovereign Lady who was to receive his gifts. The tickets were quickly collected, and while the tellers went to count the votes there was more singing until tidings filled the room with unmistakable pleasure that Rosa Ashburne, a graceful and in truth beautiful Devonshire girl, had been elected. She has not been a pupil teacher, but passed the Queen's scholarship examination as a private student in the first class, last July, and, in her, intelligence certainly goes hand in hand with loveableness.

While she retired for robing and coronation the Principal spoke to the bright girl-faces of the Master's work as the revealer of apparent truth and the interpreter of visible beauty. He exhorted them to educate themselves for the control of others by the practice of obedience, distinguishing between such servile obedience as was Caliban's, or the obedience prompted by self interest, and that ensured by love. The absence of due joy in obeying made, he said, most of the trouble of modern society. To his short address succeeded the Songs of Ariel, sung by four different voices; and a grave, sweet-faced girl, with shyness that was quickly mastered, spoke Prospero's words on Fairies, and then eight pupils danced in slow rhythmic measure a kind of ideal country dance. By this time the royal procession had been formed in a corridor adjoining, and the Queen, wearing a white robe, a crown of large daisies that

gleamed like stars on their mossy setting, and holding a sceptre tipped with cuckoo-flowers, came in serene state between her curtseying subjects to her throne on the dais. She looked pale but very quiet in the day-dream of her sweet royalty. The election had been a close one, two other girls having been within four votes of her number. Her "own maiden" carried a cushion on which rested the cross and necklet by which she was to be bound to life-long memory of the Master and of the day, when its flowers should be withered, its friends scattered, and the struggle of life should have begun for her. I was



MRS. BISHOP.



THE COLLEGE PRINCIPAL.

deputed to clasp it round her throat; and, with a loving kiss on either cheek, I offered my heartfelt congratulations on the result of the election both to her and to those who had chosen her.

At the foot of the throne were the Master's volumes, bound in dark blue calf, a gift not to be measured by its large money value so much as by its perfect suitableness. Of what other writer could be equally said, that all he has given to the world is especially valuable in the highest degree to the education of youth and to the training of our boys and girls in paths that all

lead upwards? What other writer's words have the same living power to inspire men of goodwill with virtue and brotherliness? What words are at once so powerful and yet clothed in such perfection of language that they may be familiar to every girl at Whitelands as the homeliest speech, while they show her the highest truths and even mysteries so that she can feel them as facts of her daily life, and see them as they exist in every fragment of visible beauty wrought by the Great Maker or by the hands of the men who are inspired by Him with power to be artists?

To the Queen belonged the right of distributing the precious books, and they were given to each smiling girl who came up to "kiss hands" on receiving her prize, for reasons differing from those generally announced to successful schoolgirls—"Doing her best," "speaking her mind," "loving needlework," "faithfulness as a friend," "because everybody likes her," "always standing up for the right," were among the qualities for which the rewards were adjudged. One girl certainly witnessed, by a thoroughly May-day face, to her "sunny disposition," and it looked as if the rainiest future could never darken it. After the prizes were all bestowed the ceremonies came to an end by the proclamation of a holiday from the Queen and a suggestion from the Principal that a Select Committee should form itself to take down the masses of floral decorations and collect the baskets of flowers, of which every one present had carried one, for personal distribution in the neighbouring hospitals.

As I drove away I could not but feel that I had witnessed that day satisfactory proof that Professor Ruskin's teaching is widely at work as an active force: that, notwithstanding existing conditions, it is purifying and reconstructing society wherever it is present.

Whitelands College, under its Government and Diocesan inspection, sternly practical, and managed in all its arrange-

ments according to the newest plans, could, influenced by Professor Ruskin, produce the May-day festival I had seen!



THE COLLEGE QUEEN.

Something of what only ten years ago was considered by the wisdom of *Vanity Fair* as Utopian dreaming is visibly realized

in this training school for teachers. "There can be no doubt," Mr. Watts has lately said, "that not half the use is yet made that might be made of art as a means of influencing life." No amount of staring at Academy exhibitions, not all conceivable Handel Festivals could bring home this influence to those girls as did this May-day example of fair young life in a fair environment within a stone's throw of Sloane Square underground railway station. Philistinism is routed in its stronghold, and the "commercial education," which is justly a terror as it is generally conducted, is proved capable of enduring æsthetic results. No praise given to Professor Ruskin's prose, no recognition of his power in literature, or theoretic conversion to his economics witness, as does this Chelsea school, to his influence as a reformer. Here at a living source, he is purifying the stream ; for nearly seventy teachers leave Whitelands every year for Board and other schools in the slums of our great cities, and in far away villages. To every corner of England they are carrying habits of taste and love of beauty. The Whitelands girls are in great request, and they have linked themselves for maintenance of the Whitelands spirit in their guild, which already numbers nearly three hundred members. While the Queen was being crowned at the mother-house a telegram of good-will reached her from her fellow Queen of the High School at Cork, where the day had been kept after the Whitelands fashion.

It seemed to me evident that, valuable as are Professor Ruskin's gifts to the College, he has met with a far more than equivalent reward. His precepts are made known in widening circles to the children of England—who shall restrict the effect of them? who can doubt that somewhat of the joy of the May-day festival he has provided for Whitelands will be reflected far and wide with an increasing brilliancy, and will do something to dispel the gloom of the nineteenth century storm-cloud?

M. C. BISHOP.

Hildesheim.

“ I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.”—*Twelfth Night*.

“ **H**ILDESHEIM, Hildesheim! Where is Hildesheim?”
“ I do not remember ever to have heard of any such place.” “ Let me see. . . . In North Germany you say? Ah, yes! Now you mention it, I think I recollect a German lady once telling me that she came from somewhere or other in that neighbourhood. But I never heard of any one going there before.” Such, or of similar character, were the exclamations of my friends on my informing them that I had been paying a visit to Hildesheim during the course of a recent tour in Germany. Indeed, this remarkable city of the Middle Ages seems quite unknown to the ordinary run of travellers. I have so far seen no description of it in any book of travels, and it is only in works dealing specially with the subjects of Ecclesiastical Art or Architecture that I have met with any allusion to its numerous treasures. That so picturesque and interesting a town should be so persistently overlooked is not a little astonishing, the more so as reproductions of many of the most remarkable specimens of mediæval skill to be seen there are exhibited in the South Kensington Museum. It must be admitted, however, that it is only within recent years that German tourists have been to any great extent attracted to this “Nürnberg of the North,” as it is called; but their numbers are increasing every summer.

Few towns in any country have retained so many mediæval characteristics, which are the more valuable as they belong in

great measure to the earliest epoch of German Art. Owing to the cultivated taste and active zeal of certain of its prelates, who lived in the eleventh, twelfth, and at the beginning of the thirteenth centuries, Hildesheim came to be looked up to as one of the most important schools of Romanesque Art in Germany, and its influence during that period was in consequence great and far-reaching.

The first in order of these prelates was Bernward, who, in the year 993, was chosen thirteenth bishop of the see. Bernward studied with ardour not only theology, philosophy, and medicine, but also turned his attention to the Arts. He is said to have been skilled in wall-painting, in the cutting and setting of precious stones, and to have made himself acquainted with the principles of architecture and sculpture. In the year 987 he came to the Emperor's Court as tutor to Otto III., whose mother, Stephana or Stephania, daughter of the Greek Emperor Romanus II., acted as Regent for her son. At the Court he was doubtless brought under the influence of Greek art and learning, which had been transplanted thither along with the Grecian princess.

Bernward was, moreover, a great traveller, and he never made a journey without bringing home a number of relics and treasures of art for his cathedral. He always took with him on his travels talented young men, in order to form their taste by the contemplation of masterpieces of art, and so to educate them for the execution of similar works at home. That he actually wrought with his own hands may reasonably be doubted, but that he exercised a personal supervision over the work carried out by the artists he employed is unquestionable. In the immediate vicinity of his own residence he fitted up workshops, and it was his practice, every day before dinner, to inspect the work that was being done in them. The daily employments of Bishop Bernward till noon are thus described by Priest Jangmar, his teacher, who wrote his life :—"After having

celebrated Mass, he first examined the suits and difficulties which were brought before him ; then he attended to the settling of accounts with the clergy, whom he had commissioned to distribute alms and to look after the poor ; then he went round the workshops, and inspected all the labours, in order to encourage industry. He himself had learned something of the useful arts and occupations, and he endeavoured to promote them with great zeal within his own diocese. He constantly took with him many sprightly young men, whom he stimulated on the spot to imitate everything which he saw beautiful and new in the lots.”*

Bernward's successor, Godehard, a favourite of Henry II. and his consort Kunigunde, was also distinguished for his artistic zeal, as were likewise Bishops Bernhard and Adelog, later on in the twelfth century, and much of the good work done by these men still remains for the edification of the traveller. Let us now attempt to form some idea of what Hildesheim owes to the zeal of these mediæval art patrons.

First, the Cathedral. The present structure, although of so early a date as 1055-61, was not the first church erected on this spot. A cathedral is said to have been founded here by Gunther, the first Bishop of the See, who died, we are told, in 834. Another, and apparently a more sumptuous, cathedral was consecrated in 872 ; but this building only lasted till 1046, when it was destroyed by fire. A new church was then begun, but the tradition relates that what was erected during the day fell down at night. The work was consequently abandoned, and a new edifice, begun on the same site by Bishop Hegilo, was completed in 1061. This building seems to have found favour, and is the kernel, so to speak, of the cathedral we now see.

* See Neander's "Church History ;" also Sir Gilbert Scott's "Lectures on the Rise and Development of Mediæval Architecture ;" also "Kunst und Künstler des Mittelalters und der Neuzeit," &c., von Dr. Robert Dohme (English translation by A. W. Keane).

Most of the Bishops of Hildesheim endowed their church with costly gifts, and sought to add to its grandeur in every way in their power. So it came about that, while many valuable objects were from time to time added to its treasury, the structure itself lost in unity, owing to the additions made to it at different periods. Unfortunately, too, the interior was entirely disfigured in the early part of the eighteenth century by Italian workmen, who robbed the old Romanesque capitals of their peculiar forms and ornaments, and substituted Corinthian capitals in stucco in their place, covering the walls at the same time with Renaissance ornamentation. The west end, with its towers, was rebuilt in 1839-42.

Separating the west vestibule from the nave are the famous bronze doors, which were produced in Bishop Bernward's workshops in the year 1015. In eight reliefs on each wing they set before us the history of the Fall and of the Redemption. The metal doors at Aix-la-Chapelle and Mainz are older, but their panels are plain. Here, on the contrary, we have quaintly executed figures in relief of the highest interest, and of no small value as a remarkable specimen of Romanesque metal work. Especially worthy of notice are the quaint representations of buildings like early Italian Basilicas, which are without doors, but have instead *portières* in the openings—an arrangement obviously more natural to a southern than to a northern climate. Although the treatment of the *rilievi* is certainly lacking in skill, there is a *naïveté* about the whole composition which is quite irresistible; and the chief object for which these curious doors were designed by Bernward was in all probability attained—viz., to represent to an unlettered laity some of the principal events in Bible history.

In the first chapel on the left stands the celebrated brazen font belonging to the late Romanesque epoch. Both lid and basin are completely covered with sculpture, and the latter rests on the kneeling figures of the four rivers of Paradise. This

richly ornamented font was the gift of a certain Canon Wilberms, and was presented by him to the Cathedral about the middle of the thirteenth century. In the nave of the church is the great chandelier, which was hung up in the time of Bishop Hegilo, about the middle of the eleventh century. This is not only the oldest and the largest but also the richest of the candelabra that have come down to us from those early times. I will borrow Dr. Lübke's description of these wondrous light-bearers, only four examples of which appear to have been preserved in Germany of the Romanesque period. "They consist of large rims of metal, either of iron, gilt copper, or silver. In their expressed symbolical relation they were meant to remind one of the heavenly Jerusalem, and on that account they are fitted up with numerous small towers, and furnished with a battlemented circlet, which served as a support to the single candles. Adorned with engraved and embossed representations of ornamental and figurative art, they belong to the most perfect productions of the art of the goldsmith of that epoch." * This example is about twenty feet in diameter, and has seventy-two candle-holders, with twelve large, and between them, twelve small towers, in which stand statuettes of the apostles and prophets. There is also another smaller chandelier of the same period in the church, with thirty-six light-holders and twelve towers.

Before the High Altar stands the so-called "Irmen-säule"—a column of polished stone in two pieces, on which is placed an image of the Virgin. According to an ancient tradition, for which there is, I fear, little foundation, this is alleged to be the identical column dedicated by the ancient Saxons to their deified hero, Irmin, Arminius, or Hermann, which originally stood on the fortified mount of Eresburg in Westphalia, and is stated to have been brought to Hildesheim, some time after

* "Ecclesiastic Art in Germany in the Middle Ages." English translation by L. A. Wheatley.

the destruction of that fortress by Charlemagne in 772. The rood-loft, which separates the choir from the nave, belongs to the period of the Renaissance. It is, of course, a work of a totally different character from those we have just been considering. But it is none the less a marvel in its way. Although all in stone, so skilfully are the details carved and executed, that it appears, at first sight, as if wood, and not stone, was the material chosen. We owe this finely sculptured work to a certain Canon Arnold Freitay by name, who in all probability engaged foreign artists for the purpose. It was finished in 1546, ten years after it was begun.

The crypt, though modernized, is interesting, and still more so are the charming late-Romanesque cloisters. The latter are on the eastern side of the church, and have two storeys. The foundation of these cloisters was laid in the time of Bishop Hegilo, but they are not of equal age throughout. In the centre of the Court is the beautiful little Gothic Chapel of St. Anne. The picturesqueness of this cloister is much heightened by the venerable rose-tree which grows to a great height against the outside wall of the apse of the Cathedral. This antiquated bush is said to be at least eight hundred, if not a thousand, years old.* According to the tradition associated therewith, Louis the Pious lost himself on this spot one day when hunting. Wearied with the chase he sank down at the foot of a wild rose-bush; and, after hanging to the tree a sacred vessel which he had brought with him, he said his prayers, and forthwith fell asleep. When he awoke he beheld the space in front of him covered with "sacred snow," while everything else around was green and blooming. The vessel, which may be supposed to have contained some revered relic, was moreover so covered by the foliage which had in the meantime grown all round it, that he could not take it down

* For the extraordinary age of this famous rose tree we have the high authority of Alexander Von Humboldt.—See his "Views of Nature."

again. At the sight of so great a miracle the monarch determined to build a church on the spot in honour of the Virgin, and later on he transferred to this place the Bishopric which had been intended by his father Charlemagne for Elye. In such manner, we are told, was Hildesheim founded in times gone by.

Be all this as it may, the charm of the cloister can hardly fail to exercise a powerful influence over the feelings. Here the monks and priests of old lived and died, and here they were buried, as their numerous tombstones and monumental brasses testify. Especially curious is the monument to the charitable priest, Bruno, who died in the year 1193. It is disposed in three compartments, and bears the following doggrel incscription, now much effaced by time :—

“Brunoni cujus speciem monstrat lapis iste,
Qui sua pauperibus tribuit, da numera Christe.”

In the lower compartment we see the priest surrounded by poor people, who are bewailing his death ; in the second two angels bear his soul to heaven ; and in the upper, Christ is portrayed in act of conveying the welcome announcement—*Qui uni ex minimis hoc fecit mihi fecit*. The Cathedral possesses, moreover, a valuable treasury, rich in ancient works of art, such as costly reliquaries, crosses, and chalices, dating from the eighth to the twelfth century, executed by the best artists of their time, as well as some remarkable manuscripts, beautifully illuminated, and some interesting specimens of carved ivory bindings. Unfortunately for us, we were able to see only a portion of these treasures, as the ecclesiastic who had the charge of them was absent on his summer holiday. What we did see only made us regret that the whole could not be produced.

On the north side of the Church is the *Domhof*, or Cathedral close, about the centre of which stands another, and, compared

with the bronze doors, a much more advanced specimen of the art which emanated from the workshops of Bishop Bernward. This is the *Christus-säule*, or column of Christ in bronze, which was originally placed by its designer in the church of St. Michael. The column is about fifteen feet high, and round it winds a band, spiral fashion, on which are represented in low relief twenty-eight scenes from the life of Our Lord, beginning with the baptism in the Jordan, and concluding with the entry into Jerusalem. The idea of the column was doubtless taken by Bernward from the column of Trajan in Rome, which he saw when he visited that city in the year 1001. The work was completed in 1022. At the time of the Reformation this precious relic of mediæval art experienced some rough usage. It lost its capital, and also a crucifix which stood thereon ; lay for a long time embedded in rubbish ; was sold in 1760 ; but at last, in 1813, it found a suitable resting-place for itself on the spot where it now stands in the Cathedral Close.

But we must not linger longer over the cathedral and its valuable contents and interesting precincts, as there is so much elsewhere that has strong claims on our attention. The churches of St. Michael and St. Godehard have more attractions for architects than even the cathedral has ; and with good reason, for they are both of them admirable examples of the best period of German Romanesque architecture. In the interior of St. Michael's, the capitals of the well-proportioned columns can hardly fail to attract notice, on account of their rich and varied details. Here, as also in the cathedral, every third column is succeeded by a pier, or rectangular piece of masonry, by which means not only is a pleasing variety imparted to the interior, but its stability at the same time is most effectively increased. The balustrade, with its remarkable reliefs in stucco of the twelfth century, is a work of high interest. But of even more importance are the paintings on the flat wooden ceiling of the nave. These paintings are especially

worthy of attention, not merely on account of their artistic merit, which is of a high order, but also because they happen to be the only works of the kind in Germany of the Romanesque epoch. Among the subjects represented are the Fall, the Genealogy of Christ, the Root of Jesse, besides numerous figures of Patriarchs, Prophets, and Fathers. The colouring and designs are harmonious and beautiful. Indeed, such a valuable example of ancient polychromy is not often met with.

The tomb of the founder of the church, the famous Bernward, is in the crypt, the key of which is kept by the sacristan of the Catholic church of St. Magdalene, although the crypt is in reality under the west choir of the now Protestant church of St. Michael. A spring of water surrounds the monument. Bernward selected this spot himself as his future resting-place. The stone sarcophagus, which formerly contained his bones, was chiselled, it is said, by his own hand. We also visited the late Romanesque cloister of the adjacent Abbey buildings, now used as a lunatic asylum. A grass plot in the centre of the cloister is the exercise-ground of the afflicted inmates, and was full of patients and their attendants during our visit. Our presence gave dire offence to one of them—a noble lady—who assailed us through the open arcades in language which will not bear repetition, and, moreover, was not conducive to the calm study of the peculiarities of late Romanesque vaulting and tracery. We thought it better, therefore, to beat a hasty retreat.

The Godehard Church owes its origin to Bishop Bernhard, who must not be confounded with his illustrious predecessor, *Bernward*. The foundation-stone was laid on June 16, 1133, and the work was continued until 1172. In 1131 Bernhard appears to have travelled in Southern France, and to have been much impressed with the style of church architecture in vogue in that part of Europe. The ideas he brought back with him from his

travels found expression in the east choir of his church, where certain peculiarities, very rare in Germany, but more common in France, are noticeable. The low aisles are here continued round the choir, and terminate in a semicircle with three minor apses—an arrangement which produces a rich and charming effect, especially when viewed from the outside of the building. The inside of the church is covered with modern mural paintings in the Romanesque style of Welter of Cologne. On the walls of the nave are scenes from the life of St. Godehard. I confess I am not quite reconciled to these modern painted interiors. Both the colours and the style of ornamentation seem crude and wanting in harmony, but doubtless the artists have faithfully reproduced the ancient designs. Time, however, will, we may be sure, lend a mellowness to the work, and tone down the present crudities of the colouring.

This church, too, possesses some splendid specimens of altar furniture. We were fortunate enough to see a beautiful Gothic monstrance of the fifteenth century—one of the finest in this part of Germany. Most interesting it is to observe the manner in which the contemporary architectural forms are reproduced in the monstrances and other articles of a like character belonging to this period; while at the same time the tracery, the crockets, and other ornaments are modified in accordance with the requirements of the metal of which these objects are constructed.

But of the ecclesiastical treasures of Hildesheim, perhaps the most costly and interesting is the celebrated Bernward's Cross in the sacristy of the St. Magdalene's Church. It was, if not actually fashioned, at all events designed, by Bishop Bernward himself as a reliquary for a splinter of the true Cross, which splinter may be seen through a large oval crystal placed between the arms. The cross is of gold, richly ornamented with precious stones, crystals, and filagree work. The effect of the whole is magnificent. This slight sketch of what

Hieldsheim has to show in the way of ecclesiastical art and achitecture must suffice. But this is by no means all. If its churches and their wondrous contents were by some calamity destroyed, and the rest of the town were left uninjured, there would still remain more than enough to attract any one with any pretensions to taste for the picturesque.

The old market-place (the Altstädte Marktplatz), surrounded by remarkable buildings, is quite unique. The excellent local guide-book, "Hildesheim und seine Umgebung," which has helped us much in our explorations, breaks forth into uncontrolled rapture over the charms of this quaint old square. And well it may. For it would be difficult to find elsewhere an assemblage of buildings at once so impressive and so full of character.

At one end of the square stands the Rathhaus, with its arcades, originally erected in 1443. At the other is the "Knochenhauer Amthaus," or Guildhouse of the butchers—one of the very finest timber buildings in Germany. It was built in 1529; but, as the inroads of time had told severely on it, the town council heroically stepped in, bought the building in 1852, and had it cleverly restored in its original style. It is built with projecting upper stories, as is the case with most of the houses in this venerable town, and is covered with rich carvings and paintings. Another remarkable house on the same square, with good carvings, is the "Wedekind" house. Next to it is the so-called "Tempelherrnhaus," dating from 1457, with two round-cornered turrets. In the centre of the *Platz* is a characteristic fountain adorned with a statue of Roland.

But in whatever direction you may wander through this wonderful town, some interesting relic of past times is certain to meet your gaze. The winding and, for the most part, narrow streets and lanes are still further contracted above by the projecting upper stories of the houses, while the effect of the

picturesque groups of dwellings is enhanced by the taste and humour of the wood carvings which everywhere abound. Most of the houses date from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but some are even as old as the fifteenth century. Numbers of them are adorned with curious inscriptions in the old Low German dialect. A much frequented resort for afternoon coffee and open-air concerts is the *Bergholz*, a pleasant wood a little way outside the town, commanding a fine view of the city and the valley of the Junerste. In the neighbouring village of Moritzberg is another ancient church, worthy of more than a mere passing glance. It was founded originally in 1160, but has been partially modernized.

From what has been said, some idea may, I hope, be gained of the attractions Hildesheim has to offer. How it comes about that such a remarkable locality is so systematically neglected by the English travelling public is a problem I am unable to solve. For my part, I own to having been fairly taken captive by the manifold treasures and rare objects of interest which the place contains.

F. R. McCLINTOCK.

Mirth.

I REMEMBER hearing, many years ago, a certain master of English literature say, in the course of a school lecture, that Darwin's theory of progression is singularly contradicted by the analogy of speech. Such languages, he said, as the Sanskrit with its eight cases, the Latin with its six, or the Greek with its five, were nobler than modern tongues which, with the exception of Germany, have no cases at all, but only a lazy system of prepositions in their place. And he further illustrated this remark of his by the instance of many individual words, which have in the slow lapse of time much changed their meaning, and not, as a progressive theory would demand, earned a nobler one, but, on the contrary, have been degraded into a baser significance. I think one of his favourite examples was the word "conceit," which certainly did not possess in Shakespeare's time that invidious sense which now attaches to it. And a hundred cases of such degeneration in meaning must occur to everyone—*e.g.*, churl, inquisitive, jealous, extravagant, caitiff, and so on indefinitely. Now one is inclined to dread lest some such process should have set in with respect to the word written at the head of this paper; and one may therefore be allowed to protest betimes against it.

The Princess of France certainly thought Rosaline meant the highest praise of Biron when she said—

"A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

And the use of the word in the last scene of "As You Like It" is about as respectable as it could be :

"Then is there mirth in heaven
When earthly things made even
Atone together."

Nor, perhaps, would Mirth have been the frame of mind of all others that Gonzalo would have recommended to Alonso and his friends, had he not meant by it something better than "noisy gaiety, jollity," as Chambers's Etymological Dictionary gives it. Nowadays people are not expected to be "noisily gay," "boisterous," "jolly," immediately on emerging from the tempestuous main; nor do we talk of mirth in heaven, though the enterprising author of "Gates Ajar" would doubtless be ready to furnish specimens of humour there. So it would seem that mirth has lost caste somehow since Shakespeare's time, and to be merry now by no means implies being wise.

Oliver Wendell Holmes tells us that it is never safe to say that a man is "funny;" he is sure to resent being called so. And soon one may fear that it will be considered insulting to call your friend merry. Perhaps by the middle of the next reign we shall only use the word of a man that is "a joker of jokes; a loud boisterous knave; a tiresome fellow; a mountebank;" just as a century ago we find saints called *respectable*, whereas now it is only our milkman or our greengrocer that we are glad if we are able to call so; and if the word goes on degenerating as quickly as it has done during the last hundred years, our great-grandchildren will doubtless hesitate to brand even a pickpocket with so opprobrious an epithet.

As to our own word, it has already begun to decline in respectability, and, unless we stand up boldly for it, its degradation may be completed before our eyes. Even now one might question whether the youngest barrister on the bench would care to hear himself alluded to as "my merry friend," though the Lord Chancellor himself would not mind being called humorous. Mirth is already rather *bas ton* in the drawing-room, and is in a fair way to be exiled to the school-

room, whence up the nursery-stairs and down again it will be driven to the servants' hall by way of the pantry. And this is a pity, for we shall miss it grievously; it is an old English quality, and the old-fashioned English ways are as much better than our new-fangled European airs and graces as our old English speech is better than the polyglot slang we are drifting into. Mirth is not merely laughter, though laughter used to be looked upon as the expression of it—and even this is changed, for nowadays the broken-hearted hero laughs more than any one else in the book, except the broken-hearted heroine. One may doubt whether we are as merry a nation as when Shakespeare sang, but no one can doubt we laugh as much.

It is easier to say what mirth is not than what it is, but most people will probably agree that it does not consist in laughter, although it is a pleasant disposition or habit of mind often inclining to it; a certain joyousness and light-heartedness of which laughter is only the safety-valve and escape-pipe. Now such a buoyancy of mind as this supposes a clear conscience, for where the memory is burdened with forbidding spectres a light heart can hardly be, though a good deal of din and much noisy laughter may often be heard. And just as laughter is not the infallible proof of mirth, so humour is not by any means the chief, or at all events the proper, cause of it.

Perhaps the most genuine mirth is that which has no account to give of itself, because it is as spontaneous as it is unself-conscious; of it you can only say, like Salarino, that

"You are merry
Because you are not sad."

This kind of unreasoning, though not unreasonable, mirth is after all only a phase of happiness itself, and is no more provoked than happiness is, but, like it, is interiorly begotten. A fine day, a lovely landscape, a keen breeze, and a bright sun

may produce it, but it may be produced without any such external cause ; or the apparent external cause may seem to be singularly disproportioned to it : thus, some persons are affected by uncontrollable mirth at sight of the dreary winter sea, at the smell of its salt spray, and the noise of its hollow lamentations in far-off caves.

No mirth is half so real as that of children, and yet children are almost destitute of any sense of humour. A child is more amused to see you trip up and fall on your face than by all the witty things you ever said. If the jovial shade of the Rev. Sydney Smith were to stalk into the night nursery with a bonnet on his head, as when he drove in the Park (with Lady Cork, wasn't it?), doubtless he would be welcomed with peals of laughter, but the good sayings of that gentleman would be listened to rather with awe than admiration. A funny—*i.e.*, unusual—hat or name causes more merriment for children than the best joke ever made : the name of Hieracles would amuse more than all his jests, and a picture of that ancient in the costume of his time would be more successful than either. Some years ago I used myself to suffer acutely from this irregular standard of humour in a couple of boys to whom I used to read English History. Sir Cloudesley Shovel's name was so certain to provoke shrieks of laughter, no matter how often it occurred, that it is to be feared I attributed many of his finest achievements to some less oddly named admiral.

Very few children, one may suspect, really appreciate "Alice in Wonderland." Of course they delight in it, but it is not the best parts that they like best. Probably the woodcut of the Mock Turtle has caused far more merriment in the nursery than all the Red Queen's sayings, and when the White Queen says to Alice, "You needn't say exactly ; I can believe you without that," I suspect the word "exactly" is the only point which children really see. Thackeray wrote "The Rose and the Ring" for children, but he must have guessed that they

would be far more amused by the name of his Countess Gruffanuff than by hearing how Prince Bulbo "would have performed prodigies of valour in the battle, only——" So that one must grant that mirth and humour are not correlative; there may be very little mirth where there is the crackling of much wit, and there is often a great deal of genuine mirth where there is no real wit at all. There is certainly more merriment at Christmas than at other seasons, but one may doubt if the jokes are of a higher order then: the truth being that mirth is deeper-seated, and has a better cause than any smart epigram. Nor is it different with the mirth of common seasons; often, perhaps oftenest, it flows out with all simplicity from a kindly disposition and a good heart, which rejoices because it has done some friendly or unselfish thing and spread happiness around, or even because it sees happiness about it. Who has not watched with wholesome envy what may be called the *vicarious mirth of parents*? The good mother has no duller wits than you who see her children's jest is feeble, and yet her sharing in their merriment is most sincere.

Of course no one denies that, as a matter of fact, it often is wit that sets our mirth in motion, and perhaps nothing makes us so soon feel intimate with a stranger as the discovery that he is amused by the same things as amuse ourselves. To hear a man tell one of your favourite stories from the *Doctor* as if he liked it, is a better introduction to him than to hear the muffled pronunciation of his name. And the first time you hear an acquaintance quote that saying of the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, that "Good Americans when they die go to Paris," you feel that you have acquired a new friend.

Just as true mirth is an index of a clear conscience, so is the faculty of appreciating what is really humorous a sign of a certain right-mindedness which renders the utter absence of that faculty in some good people a most distressing want. Thus, it may have been your fate to see the half-puzzled, half-

contemptuous stare with which such an one will receive something really excellent, and to hear him say (with a strong emphasis on the forbidden preposition), "I don't see anything *in* that." And then it must have pained you to remember how rich he thought that joke about the Sunday meat-dinner of the cleanser of your chimneys and a sweepstake.

Is not the theory concerning the right-mindedness of a correct standard of humour illustrated by the lady Miss Austen tells us of—Mrs. Bennet was it, or Mrs. Allen?—who made no profession of wit, seldom attempting more than a proverb. And certainly it is by Mrs. Primrose's famous attempt to "overwhelm" by sarcasm Mr. Burchell "with a sense of his own baseness." "We saw him approach," says the Vicar of Wakefield; "he entered, drew a chair, and sat down. 'A fine day, Mr. Burchell.' 'A very fine day, Doctor; though I fancy we shall have some rain, by the shooting of my corns.' 'The shooting of your horns!' cried my wife, in a loud fit of laughter, and then asked pardon for being fond of a joke. 'Dear madam,' replied he, 'I pardon you with all my heart, for I protest I should not have thought it a joke had you not told me.' 'Perhaps not, sir,' cried my wife, winking at us; 'and yet I dare say you can tell us how many jokes go to an ounce.' 'I fancy, madam,' returned Burchell, 'you have been reading a jest-book this morning, that ounce of jokes is so very good a conceit; and yet, madam, I had rather see half an ounce of understanding.' 'I believe you might,' cried my wife, still smiling at us, though the laugh was against her; 'and yet I have seen some men pretend to understanding that have very little.' 'And, no doubt,' returned her antagonist, 'you have known ladies set up for wit, that had none.'"

F. BICKERSTAFFE DREW.

A Walk About Woodchester.

THE borough of Stroud, as created by the Reform Act of 1832, comprises a dozen rural parishes in Gloucestershire, which are held together by the common interest of the cloth manufacture.* Starting from the busy town, and directing our steps along the great road which leads to Bath, we shortly pass on the left the village of Rodborough, clustered along a hill-side, the summit of which is crowned by the picturesque form of Rodborough Fort. This height commands a far-reaching view across the Severn, and the Fort is itself a landmark to the country for miles around.

Another mile brings us to a secluded spot known as the old churchyard of Woodchester. In the midst of a disused burial-ground stand the remains of an ancient building, which for many ages was the parish church. In the year 1863 it was taken down, on account of its insufficient size and its distance from the greater number of the parishioners. Enough, however, has been left to form a picturesque ruin, which is almost entirely overgrown with ivy. This interesting fragment consists of a semi-circular arch which formed the entrance to the chancel, a square-headed doorway looking towards the north, and a well-preserved pointed window. Of the south aisle and western tower nothing has been left. Over the interior of the north door might until lately have been read the words: "God is the wel of life." And the churchyard, thickly studded with moss-grown tombs, is no longer used for general interment, but an exception is allowed in favour of the old family vaults,

* By the Redistribution Bill the borough of Stroud is doomed to extinction, to reappear as the Stroud division of Gloucestershire.

which, protected by substantial railings, are yet opened from time to time.

A perhaps unique feature in this old churchyard is the fine tessellated pavement, which lies below the ground at the depth of about three feet ; and has clearly formed part of an extensive Roman villa, the limits of which can be distinctly traced through the adjoining fields. It must apparently be a matter of conjecture for how many ages the existence of this beautiful relic of antiquity has been hidden in obscurity. The earliest printed notice of its existence appears in Bishop Gibson's addition to Camden's "*Britannia*" (published in 1722), where he describes it as "a tesserdick work of painted beasts and flowers, which appears in the churchyard, two or three foot deep, in making the graves." It seems, however, to have been very imperfectly examined, and that at long intervals, for the first really serious attempt to explain it and to define its limits was made by the antiquary Lysons, towards the end of the last century. In the opinion of this eminent authority the pavement was the "*cavædium tetrastylon*" of an important Roman villa, which in all probability had been the palace of the governor of this part of Britain, and possibly an occasional residence of the Emperor himself. For many years it has been in an extremely mutilated condition, and, even so far back as the time of Lysons, large portions of the mosaic had perished ; still we are able from earlier description to form an idea of its plan and dimensions. The pavement when complete must have measured about fifty feet square ; and it consisted of an elaborate border of scroll and fret work, varied and interlaced in the most intricate manner ; within this border was a circle which still contains seven out of an original number of twelve animals ; inside this is another smaller circle which includes the fragments of a human figure. From a drawing made about 1722, this seems to have represented a man holding a lyre, which, according to different authorities, has been variously

explained as indicating Orpheus or Apollo. Although the pavement is hidden for security beneath the surface of the churchyard, it has from time to time been uncovered and shown to the public. The last occasion of its exhibition was in the summer of 1880, when it was visited by many thousands of persons.

About half a mile from the old churchyard we pass the present parish church, which was erected in 1864. Standing on rising ground midway between the two divisions of the village, Woodchester Church is a spacious and not ungraceful specimen of modern pointed architecture, and its handsome spire, backed by distant hills, forms a prominent feature in the landscape. The interior contains little that is remarkable, if we may except the monuments and memorial tablets, which were removed from the former church. Of these the most worthy of attention is an altar-tomb with full-length effigies of an armed knight and his lady, which stood under a canopy bearing the Huntley arms in the chancel of the old church. The canopy and coat-of-arms have disappeared, but although without name or date the monument is assigned by tradition to Sir George Huntley, lord of the manor of Woodchester, who died in 1622. His wife was Eleanor, a daughter of Sir William Winter of Lydney, and the sculptured figures of their nine children are grouped around the tomb.

The very early records of Woodchester are associated with a story of Saxon times. It is said that Earl Godwin, having obtained possession by fraud and treachery of the convent at Berkeley, his wife Gueda, deploring this impiety, refused to partake of food obtained from so ill-gotten an estate. Her husband thereupon assigned the manor of Woodchester for her maintenance, and tradition reports that she founded a religious house in expiation of her husband's injustice and sacrilege.

In the reign of Edward I. we find the manor in the hands of Sir John Maltravers, who earned an unenviable name as the

keeper and reputed murderer of Edward II. in Berkeley Castle. From the Maltravers family it passed by marriage to the Fitzalans, Earls of Arundel, who are now represented by the Duke of Norfolk. William, the seventeenth Earl, was compelled by Henry VIII., in pursuance of a policy recommended by Thomas Cromwell, to exchange his manor of Woodchester for lands hitherto belonging to the suppressed monasteries. Woodchester then remained in the hands of the Crown, till in the sixth year of Elizabeth it was granted to George and John Huntley, members of an old Gloucestershire family, now seated at Boxwell in the same county. In the grant to the Huntleys the manor is spoken of as having been "lately the Earl of Arundel's." Early in the seventeenth century the manor was sold to Sir Robert Ducie, a celebrated merchant and banker, who was in 1631 Lord Mayor of London, and who is said to have lost eighty thousand pounds in a loan to King Charles I. From Sir Robert the estate devolved upon his descendants, the Lords Ducie, one of whom built in a wild and picturesque valley the fine mansion known as Spring Park. This beautiful but lonely spot had ceased for many years to be the residence of the Ducie family, when, in 1845, the estate was purchased by the late Mr. William Leigh.

Finding on his estate no Catholic Church, Mr. Leigh—then a recent convert—made it one of his earliest cares to supply this want. An enthusiastic student of early English architecture, he built of the fine white stone of the country the beautiful Church and Priory of the Annunciation, which stand out prominently from the green hill-side. Viewed from the opposite slope of the valley, the long line of Gothic building, terminated by the great window of the choir, and flanked by a venerable and spreading elm, forms an architectural group of unusual beauty. At the junction of the nave with the chancel, on the north side, rises a graceful belfry, which is quadrangular in its lower stage, but is weathered off towards the summit into

an octagonal form, and is crowned by a short but well-proportioned, spire.

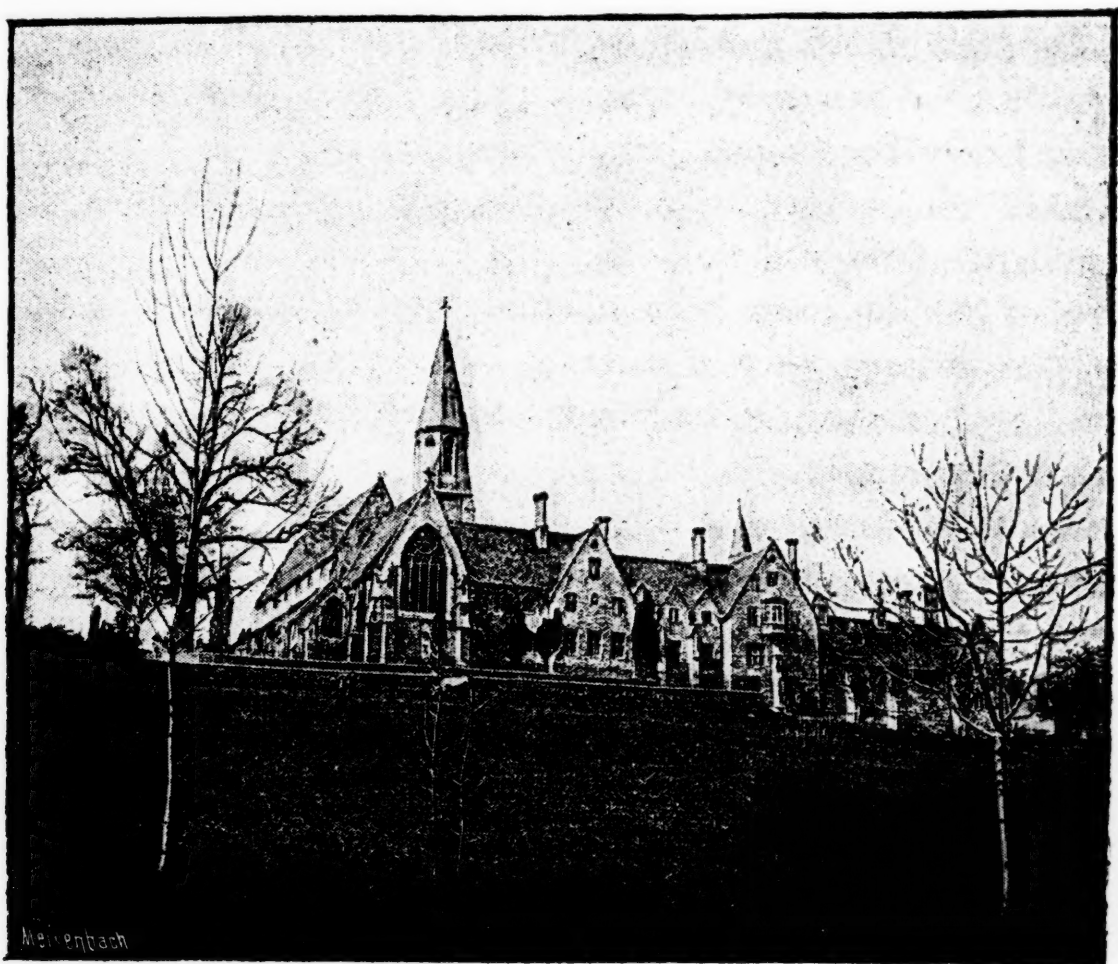
The interior of the church is striking from the chaste simplicity of its construction. The nave is very lofty in proportion to the width, while the choir is remarkable for its ample size and elaborate decoration. A beautiful rood-screen separates the choir from the nave, and the high altar is surmounted by an east window of brilliant stained glass. An exquisitely furnished side chapel, dedicated to the Forty Martyrs of Sebaste, terminates the south aisle, and this is specially devoted to the memory of the founder and his family, whose deceased members lie buried in a vault beneath. A richly carved monument in alabaster represents the late Mr. Leigh (who died in 1873) in his robes as a Knight of St. Gregory, supporting on his breast a model of the church, and bears this inscription: "Of your charity pray for the souls of William Leigh and family, founders of this Church." Another very handsome tomb commemorates the Most Rev. Dr. Nicholson, an exiled Archbishop of Corfu, who died under the shelter of Woodchester Park, and was buried in the crypt below the high altar. On the sides of the tomb may be read the following words: "*Deus misereatur animæ illustrissimi et reverendissimi Francisci Josephi Nicholson archiepiscopi Corcyrensis, qui in pace quievit XXX die Aprilis Anno Domini Millesimo octingesimo quinquagesimo quinto.*" This church was consecrated in 1849, and was at first served by priests of the Congregation of the Passion, who were then only recently established in England. On the retirement of the Passionists, a few years afterwards, Mr. Leigh invited the Dominican Fathers to undertake the charge of the new mission. The latter complied with his invitation, and lost no time in building a handsome convent, which closely adjoins the church, and which was completed during the year 1853.

The Priory of the Annunciation at Woodchester thus became

the headquarters in England of the Dominican Order, which since the catastrophes of the Reformation had had a wandering and chequered career. The English Province of the Friars Preachers had been revived in the seventeenth century by Cardinal Howard, himself one of its most illustrious sons, and by the zeal and exertions of this distinguished man the brethren were settled at Bornhem, in the Low Countries. Here they conducted a flourishing school, and were enjoying increasing prosperity when the terrible wave of the French Revolution swept them, in common with everything ecclesiastical, from the country. Not without much hardship and difficulty the exiled friars found a refuge in England, but the calamities of the times had thinned their numbers and reduced their means; the convent at Bornhem remained in the hands of the revolutionary party, and its revenues were thus lost to the Order. The partial restitution which succeeded the return of order on the Continent did not, however, restore the former prosperity of the Dominicans; their number was sadly reduced, and at the time of their establishment in Gloucestershire they were represented by some half-dozen priests and a few junior brothers. Since then the habit of St. Dominic has become a familiar object in the lanes and on the hill-sides of Woodchester, and the feeling of the population, at first undisguisedly hostile, has undergone a wonderful change in their favour.

Leaving behind us the quiet churchyard attached to the Priory, we are confronted by an abrupt ascent, the steep and precipitous height of which is crowned by the village of Littleworth, and towers over the valley like a fortress. On the summit is an extensive plain, the surface of which presents a complete contrast to the rugged paths we have just climbed. This level tract, known as Minchinhampton Common, will be familiar to the readers of "John Halifax" as the "Enderley Flat" of that tale, the author of which made herself a temporary home at Rose Cottage, in the pretty hamlet of Amberley.

The bleak expanse of common stretches away about three miles from north to south, being terminated in the former direction by the bold headland of Rodborough ; while towards the east it rapidly narrows, and descends abruptly into the picturesque vale of Chalford. The surface of this dreary tract, level as the smoothest sea, offers few landmarks in any direc-



THE DOMINICAN PRIORY, WOODCHESTER.

tion, and the frequent recurrence of disused stone-pits which dot its surface, renders it in fog or darkness a serious danger to the traveller. The monotony of this cheerless landscape is broken towards the south-east by a lofty tower, which guides us to the old-fashioned market town of Minchinhampton. Lying apart from the great lines of railroad, few places can be imagined so quiet and secluded as this quaint old spot.

Although nearly destitute of commercial importance, Minchinhampton is not without a certain interest of its own. Its narrow but substantially built streets lead from opposite points to a public square, and the antique market-hall. The smooth grey stone of the district gives the little town a strikingly clean and orderly appearance, while the almost complete absence of traffic in the streets appears to justify the epithet of "deserted village." Most of the houses belong to a type which is very prevalent in this neighbourhood; the low-ceiled rooms, with their heavy beams and broad mullioned windows, the high-pitched roof of grey tiles, and the tall stone chimneys, are familiar features in the old houses of Gloucestershire. So little in fact has the town been affected by the movement of the present century, that a recently built or brick-constructed dwelling is scarcely to be found. Still, if the place has been a loser in a commercial sense from this apparent want of progress, it cannot be denied that it has gained from the artistic point of view; a remarkable degree of architectural unity has thus been preserved, and the old town has kept almost unchanged the primitive appearance of its streets.

A distance of three miles separates Minchinhampton from the neighbouring parish of Avening, with which, in situation, extent, and history, it has much in common. A bleak and monotonous road, bounded by stone walls, leads the traveller across a high and level tract of country. On approaching Avening, however, the road gradually descends, and the village suddenly appears in a deep hollow, beautifully clustered among the hills. Its substantial cottages, with their cheerful, old-fashioned gardens, combine to form the type of a really picturesque English village. A peculiar character is given to the place by a group of half-ruined cloth-mills, which, closed at a period of great commercial depression some fifty years ago, wear a melancholy and deserted appearance.

Near the southern entrance of the village stands the old

rectory, long the abode of Dr. George Bull, the famous Anglican divine, who was rector of Avening from 1685 till 1705, when he was promoted to the bishopric of St. David's. One of his first cares on taking possession of the living was to rebuild the dilapidated rectory, which in its renovated form was to be his residence for twenty years. Dr. Bull was, as is well known, noted among High Church divines as a controversialist, and in that character he was highly esteemed by the illustrious Bossuet, who, while admiring the learning and good faith of his opponent, lamented his inability to admit the essentials of the Catholic faith. It is recorded that Dr. Bull found his parish in a very insubordinate condition, owing partly to the prevalence of dissent among his parishioners, and partly to certain abuses arising from the observance of the village feast. He succeeded, however, during his twenty years' incumbency in restoring harmony and order, and on his departure to his distant diocese he seems to have carried with him the hearty affection of his flock.

At a short distance from the rectory stands the ancient and picturesque church of Avening. Built on a slightly rising ground, it is surrounded by a spacious churchyard, whose uneven surface is dotted irregularly with mossy graves. A clear but shallow rivulet flows close outside the churchyard gate, where it is spanned by a wide and substantial bridge. This little brook has its source in the high lands above Avening, and for some distance forms the boundary between that parish and Minchinhampton; then flowing onwards towards Woodchester, it empties itself into the scarcely more important Froome at Dudbridge. This is one of the many English streams which bear the name of Avon, and according to a not improbable etymology it is thought to have lent its name to the parish through which it flows. The church of the Holy Rood is a fine cruciform building, originally of the Norman era, but the additions of succeeding centuries have substantially altered its

appearance. Its grey and weather-stained walls are surmounted by a roof of heavy stone tiles, almost blackened by centuries of rain and storm. Between the nave and chancel rises a square embattled tower, whose plain and massive proportions imprint a stamp of strength and durability upon the building.

The history of Avening church contains much that is curious and romantic, being intimately bound up with the life of the ill-fated Brightric, Earl of Gloucester, whose possessions covered a large part of this county. The story of this hapless nobleman may be read in our English histories. Being sent by his Sovereign, St. Edward the Confessor, on an embassy to Baldwin, Count of Flanders, he was so unfortunate as to arouse the affections of his daughter Matilda, destined a few years later to be the wife of the Norman Conqueror. The Princess was unable to obtain from the Saxon Earl a return of her attachment, and this disappointment seems to have rankled in her mind. Its effects on the unhappy Brightric were tragical; no sooner had the Norman Conquest rendered Matilda mistress of the English people than we find her exacting reparation for the slight by the imprisonment and premature death of Brightric. His estates were seized by the Conqueror, and bestowed upon the Queen for life. The manor of Avening was shortly afterwards granted, perhaps in reparation for this injustice, to the newly founded abbey of the Holy Trinity at Caen, and it is alleged that Matilda, desirous of making further amends for the bloodshed attending the conquest, resolved to build a church at Avening. She is said to have obtained from the German Emperor a model of the true cross, which suggested the cruciform plan on which the church is built. It is likewise added that the Queen took advantage of the presence of her husband's court at Gloucester, to superintend in person the progress of the work. On its completion the church was solemnly consecrated in honour of the Holy Rood, and as a natural result of this dedication, the annual village feast is held on the

Sunday following the Exaltation of the Cross. From this time until recent days the church and manor of Avening have shared the fortunes of Minchinhampton. They remained in possession of the nuns of Caen till Henry V., as previously related, conferred the twin manors of Avening and Hampton upon his favourite foundation of Sion. At the Reformation they passed together into the hands of Lord Windsor, and in the succeeding century were purchased by the family of Sheppard. When the late Mr. Philip Sheppard disposed of his ancestral estates in this neighbourhood, the manor of Avening was bought by Mr. William Playne, and it is now enjoyed by his representative.

Closely adjacent to Avening, on the south-west, is the parish of Horsley, which completes the boundary of the Stroud borough towards the south. It would be difficult to imagine a place more romantically situated than the village of Horsley. It is scattered along the slopes of a deep valley whose sides are thickly clothed with plantations of larch, while at the bottom flows a swift and sparkling rivulet, which makes its way into the Avening brook at Nailsworth. Irregular groups of cottages are dispersed about the valley, and the main village street winds upwards along a ridge whose crest is topped by the pinnacled tower of the church. Horsley is rich in memories of ecclesiastical antiquity. Given soon after the conquest to the abbey of St. Martin, at Troars, in Normandy, the manor passed about three hundred years later, by exchange, to the Priory of Bruton, in Somersetshire. It was not long before an off-shoot from Troars sprang up in the village of Horsley, which, on the exchange with Bruton, was transferred to the latter house, and survived until the general suppression of monasteries. Of the Priory at Horsley no trace now remains, though some fragments of its painted glass have been set up in the manor house at Chavenage. This fine old mansion, with its curious detached chapel, was built in 1576, by Richard Stevens, one of the first

lay proprietors, in whose family the manor has continued to the present time. The parish church was almost wholly rebuilt in 1838, but the graceful fourteenth-century tower was wisely preserved, and its dedication to St. Martin has kept alive the early connection of Horsley with the Norman Abbey.

Retracing our steps through the village, we quickly reach the busy hamlet of Nailsworth, which, although the scene of much commercial activity, possesses no independent existence, but is divided between the three parishes of Horsley, Avening, and Minchinhampton. Nailsworth contains many picturesque old houses and some slight remains of an ancient chapel, long since converted into a stable. At Nailsworth we strike again into the great Bath road, on which a walk of four miles will bring us back to Stroud, the starting-point of our excursion.

GEORGE T. C. DOLMAN.

The Spectre-Snake :

A LEGEND OF GOA.

I.

THE time is the early part of the seventeenth century ; the scene is a lagoon on the Indian coast in the neighbourhood of Goa. It is the month of July, after the first burst of the yearly monsoon has brought back freshness and verdure to the withered and browned land that lies between the Gháts and the sea. The trees and grass, lately almost bronze in hue, are now of a tender green ; the wide rice-fields resound with the croaking of the enormous yellow frogs which suddenly appear with the rains ; the sky is shrouded with a film of clouds, a grateful shield from the summer sun ; and the emerald tints which predominate in the landscape are relieved here and there by a granite boulder, a speck of tender purple.

The land side of the lagoon is adorned with the feathery fronds of palms, cocoa-nut, date, and palmyra. Below the loftier tops of these, a graceful screen of bamboo branches hides the trunks from the eyes of a party of voyagers, who are traversing the shallow waters of the lagoon in a large boat, better constructed and more conveniently furnished than is usually the case on this coast. They are eight in number—three Europeans and five natives. Of the latter three are boatmen, and two whose dress bears the signs of something approaching to civilization, are evidently attendants of the Europeans—two men and a girl. The clerical aspect of the principal person, though partially altered by garments of a somewhat nondescript nature, more adapted to comfort in a hot climate than to the outward expression of orthodoxy, is such as to leave no doubt

of his profession. He is, in fact, one of those missionaries whom Portugal is constantly sending forth to provide for the spiritual wants of her dark dependents in the lately-colonized territory of Goa, and to carry a peaceful crusade as far as may be into the ravines and passes of the Western Ghâts—the mountain wall beneath which that territory lies. Father Luiz Cuchillo is a portly personage, between fifty and sixty, who having now passed some years in the Concan, is well acquainted with its language, and able to hold forth to its inhabitants with extemporaneous fluency.

During the hot weather he abides, in such comfort as his house at Goa is able to furnish, quietly waiting for a favourable monsoon, and if that much-wished-for breeze arrives at the usual time, with the proper accompaniment of rain and showers, he prepares for his campaign against heathendom; if not, he continues to abide, as described, knowing the futility of contending against weather, especially when that weather is exceptionally hot.

"To fly in the face of Providence," he says, "would be vain—nay, it might be severely punished." But this year the rainfall has been abundant at the first burst, and the air is proportionally cool; so the father has issued forth on the war-path to fight against idolatry and witchcraft, quite as stoutly as ever Vasco de Gama and Albuquerque encountered the waves of the sea and the weapons of the land. And he has brought with him his niece Maria, his housekeeper when at home, to show her some of the strange sights and romantic scenery of those towering hills, on which she has long gazed with admiration from the plaza of Goa. The third of this trio is a young hunter named Ramiro, a useful appendage to an expedition of this kind—skilful alike with bow and with arquebuse, well acquainted with the habits of all the wild denizens of the Concan, from the tiger to the scorpion, from the vulture to the mosquito. The scene thus opened and explained, we proceed to narrate.

Smoothly did the boat advance over the calm lagoon, propelled by a light breeze, keeping a short distance from the shore to avoid the too shallow water, and also the unpleasant attentions of the insects with which the vicinity of trees is, especially during the monsoon, most unfortunately crowded on this coast. The good Father alternately expatiated to Maria on the beauties of the scenery, and discussed with Ramiro the probabilities of a sufficient hospitality to be obtained on landing; for the afternoon was drawing on, and the shadows lengthening. One of the conveniences which the travellers carried with them was a stout bechoba (or poleless tent) which could be readily pitched and struck in a few minutes. Father Cuchillo always carried this tent with him on these expeditions, as shelter in the huts of natives was often more overpowering than agreeable, and the tent was wholesome and clean, which could not be said of the abodes of the Concani peasantry. Besides, it is always pleasant to be independent of others, and to live in one's own house, though its walls be but of canvas. This was the first raid which the missionary had made on the heathendom of this particular lagoon, and he was therefore in some doubt as to a suitable spot whereon to land, and where the necessaries of wood, water, food, and a sufficiently dry camping-ground were all procurable. The boatmen had just assured him that everything he could require would be obtainable at Nágkúnda, a small village about a mile further, situated on the edge of the forest, which here clothes the mountain slopes down to the very verge of the brackish waters of the lagoon.

Maria, a laughing and lively girl, not long arrived from Portugal with a view to taking up, if occasion offered, a permanent residence in India, was perhaps more interested in the young hunter's features than in the expositions of her uncle, or even the question of supper. Ramiro, too, had certainly talked less of field sports and wanderings among the hills than of the

pleasures of urban and civilized life since he had been a fellow-voyager of the charming Maria. He had begun to regard with more than ordinary interest the condition of his finances. These consisted for the most part in the income he derived from his hunting and fishing pursuits, and the sale of his spoil, whether fish, flesh, fowl, or skins, in the purlieus of Goa. The revenue thus obtained was not overflowing; it was sufficient for his own humble needs and the necessary purchases of the paraphernalia of the chase. But he thought, as he listlessly paddled with his hand in the water over which he was moving, that he could never ask any damsel of Portugal to share such circumstances as his. He must do something—the only question was, what—to better his condition, before he dared think of changing it. If he had been a soldier, now, he might have gained promotion by brave deeds, or have carved out fortune for himself in the service of the Sultans of Bijápúr or Golconda. Or if he had been nobly born or descended, the Viceroy would have done something for him; or if—— but his reverie was here interrupted by the grating of the boat upon the pebbles of the beach by Náγκúnda.

The hills towered high above the little cove in which the party landed; and on all sides save one the forest covered the ground, carrying its trees to the summits of the peaks above and down to the water's edge. But an area of several hundred square yards lay, bare of wood and destitute even of grass, in a north-easterly direction from the landing-place. On its extreme edge, furthest from the water, a few huts were visible; and these formed the village of Náγκúnda. When the eye rested on the serried trunks and superabundant greenery of the woods which skirted it, the remarkable bareness of this area was rendered a thousandfold more striking by contrast. It seemed absolutely devoid of aught pertaining to the vegetable kingdom. In the centre of this inverted oasis was a mound which, from one or two fragments of partially-shaped granite lying upon it,

looked as though it had once been the seat of some habitation or temple.

The first thought which entered the minds of the missionary and his companions on landing was the admirable site which the open space above-mentioned offered for their little camp. In addition to his own tent, the worthy Father possessed also a small raotí, or canvas shed of inferior dimensions, for his servants. Both were now pitched, by the aid of the boatmen, one of whom was despatched to the village to see what could be had in the way of fowls or goats. Ramiro started, birding-piece on shoulder, in search of game; and while her uncle was issuing directions in the vernacular to his servants and the boatmen, and assisting in bringing up from the boat such things as were necessary to the comfort of a night's lodging in the forest, Maria strayed towards the little eminence which formed the culminating point of that patch of herbless ground. Absently she zig-zagged hither and thither over the arid surface, which appeared untouched by any recent rain, in spite of the monsoon downpour of a short time since; and, arriving at last among the stone fragments, sat down upon one to think about—nothing in particular, she would have said, if asked.

The current of maiden meditation flowed on smoothly enough, to judge by the half-smile on her lip and the flush on her olive cheek; and no one knows how far her thoughts had strayed, or what castles in the air she had begun to build, when an icy sensation shot through her frame, a sensation proceeding originally, as it seemed to her, from her right hand, which was resting lightly on the earth. She looked down and saw—what seemed a cobra di capello, deadliest of Oriental snakes, with head drawn back, hood expanded, and mouth open, displaying its deadly fangs, in act to strike! With a scream she started up; and lo! the snake was there no longer. It had vanished in an instant. She looked narrowly around, and then per-

ceived, on the stone fragment upon which her hand had rested, the half-obliterated image of a cobra, in the very same attitude as that which had just so marvellously disappeared. She then thought that she must, while (she blushed to own it) absorbed in a sort of day-dream, have unconsciously fixed her eyes upon the stony image until the sculptured folds had seemed endued with life. But it had been so vivid, so real, that cruel snake with its merciless eye and death-dealing fang! *Could* it have been a mere creature of imagination or fancy? Did she not even now feel the cold thrill which must have been caused by its clammy touch? She felt faint and sick, and was starting to return to her uncle and the camp, when a voice fell on her ear. It proceeded from a native who was standing a few paces off, but appeared careful not to advance to the mound itself.

"Let not the lady sit there," he said in broken Portuguese. "None sit on those stones or stand on that mound who wish for good nights and fair days, quiet minds, and long life."

"Why so?" gasped the trembling girl, whose limbs almost refused to support her.

"I will tell you why when you get back to the Padre, down there. You had better go back now, or you will faint; and if you faint you must rest on these stones again; better to lie among the alligators in the lagoon, than rest here."

Rallying her failing powers by an effort of will, Maria retraced her steps with difficulty to where Father Cuchillo was examining a fine young peahen, which had just been brought in by Ramiro.

"See here, Maria mine, isn't it a plump one? But what's the matter with the child? Get some water, Ramiro! Ay de mi, she's going to have ague; water will do no good! Sit down, dear one; cheer up! Ague will soon go. We all get it at first!"

Here the native interposed.

"She has no ague, Padre! She has sat on the Snake's Mound, and seen the Nág-sámp (cobra)!"

The missionary asked for an explanation of these startling expressions; and while Maria, seated on a fallen palm-trunk, was receiving the ministrations of her anxious uncle, assisted by a flask of good Oporto wine, the inhabitant of Nágkúnda related, in his own vernacular, the following tale:—

"About a hundred years ago there was a famous snake-charmer at Nágkúnda, named Párú. He possessed many strange secrets of jantar-mantar (necromancy), and could do almost anything he liked with serpents of all sorts. His fathers had been snake-charmers from time immemorial. The village itself had received its name from the notoriety of their dealings with snakes and snake-gods, for Nágkúnda means 'Snake-mound.' For ages a temple had stood upon this mound, dedicated to snake-worship, especially that of the cobra, King of Serpents. Now Párú had a favourite daughter, his only child, the treasure of his heart. For her he toiled and accumulated wealth, thinking to give her an ample dowry, and make her the wife of a great man. He amassed considerable sums by the exercise of his trade of snake-charming, and by divination and sorcery his gains were converted by him into jewels, which are easily concealed. In some way or other he offended the Serpent-King, whose hereditary high-priest he was, and whose service he performed in the temple of Nágkúnda. So when Sítá (his daughter) went forth one day into the wood, a great cobra met her and bit her in the arm. She dragged herself home, but her father, who could perhaps have cured her, was absent at the time. When he returned he found Sítá a corpse. His heart became fire, and his brain a whirlwind. He went forth into the forest, by charms forced the snake which had bitten his daughter to appear, and caught it. He imprisoned it in a bag, returned and collected his valuables and jewels, and placed them, together with the serpent in the

bag, and the corpse of Sítá, upon the altar of the temple, round which he piled a quantity of resinous wood. He then himself ascended the altar, applied fire to the pile, and died, uttering a terrible curse upon the place and on all who should approach or disturb it. The curse has been accomplished. Nothing grows on or near the mound. The temple exists no longer ; a few slabs of stone still remain, nothing more. A horror reigns over the place, and the village is unhealthy, and gradually becoming depopulated. Up to the present time no one has touched the stones or anything connected with the mound ; and more than that, none of the prudent have dared to stand on the accursed spot."

"And those who were not prudent, and did so?" asked Ramiro, lowering his voice to a whisper, that Maria might not hear.

"They died shortly afterwards," answered the narrator.

"How?"

"By the bite of a cobra."

II.

THE story of the native, and the effect which terror had produced on his niece, filled Father Cuchillo with concern. But he would not permit this terror to reign any longer on that spot, he was determined. He caused the principal men of the place to be summoned, and, having heard from them a confirmation of the above narrative, informed them that he was resolved to demonstrate the impotence of curses and blessings uttered by such as Párú, when opposed by the servants of the Cross. He would, with the assistance of those powers whom he served, deliver their village from the spell which had been laid upon its surroundings. The inhabitants heard him with awe, but shrank back with dread, when he proposed an immediate advance upon the mound. Nothing could persuade them

to this ; but they agreed to oppose no resistance to him if he should choose to imperil his own life.

As it was now night, nothing could be done till next day. Maria retired to rest in her angle of the tent, within a canvas screen. But she slept but little ; and, whenever she did sleep, the image of the angry cobra presented itself, in every variety of attitude. Time after time she started up, exclaiming that she was bitten. The soothing words and prayers of Father Cuchillo at length seemed to prevail, and she sank into a quiet and dreamless slumber.

When morning dawned over Nágkúnda, the missionary and Ramiro prepared for operations against the serpent-haunted mound. The good father took crucifix in hand, while the hunter reverently carried a sacred vessel containing holy-water. They took up their station upon one of the fragments of the temple, the observed of all the native population, who carefully abstained from approaching the place, which they expected would be the scene of some terrific vengeance on these foolhardy Farangís. Father Cuchillo waved the crucifix to the four winds of heaven, sprinkled the holy water around, and solemnly exorcised the demoniac guardians of the ruined shrine, bidding them depart from ground where the cross had waved and the words of the true faith had been heard. The Latin exorcism sounded strangely within the Concan woods, and the villagers afar caught fragments of the mysterious tongue with astonished ears. They were much impressed by the ceremony, but still more astounded that the bold strangers were not satisfied therewith, but now began to dig up the foundations of the temple, "to expose," said the missionary, "any machinery of Satan that might be concealed there."

It was not long before something of importance was reached. A few spadefuls of mingled rock and soil having been removed from the middle of the mound, a large flat slab, bearing evident signs of fire, was disclosed. Close to it were some charred

bones, and among these a small iron box. The bones were carefully gathered and conveyed to the edge of the forest, where they were interred by order of the Padre, who read over them some Latin sentences, to the effect that they should rest in peace, nor venture to disturb the neighbourhood of their place of repose in any manner whatsoever. This done, he retired with Ramiro into the tent, in order to examine the box.

This was secured by three iron bands, tightly shrunk over it, as though passed on when expanded by heat and afterwards allowed to cool. A small tool-chest, which formed part of Father Cuchillo's travelling requisites, enabled them to be removed with some difficulty. The lid was raised.

That instant, the tent and the ground on which it stood, shook as from an earthquake. Both the missionary and the hunter started back simultaneously; for to each it seemed that the head of a snake rose from the box and darted forward; the expanded hood, the cruel eye, the poisonous fangs of the cobra were apparent. The next instant they had vanished, and the box lay before them with its contents exposed.

Such had been the effect of the vision of the serpent upon both the searchers, that it was some time before they recovered their equanimity. They passed their hands dubiously over their persons, as though expecting to discover some bite or scratch inflicted by those clearly distinguished teeth. But their researches met with no result, other than the certainty that they were unharmed. The missionary muttered several prayers and exorcisms, and then proceeded cautiously to approach and inspect the interior of the iron box.

The lining of this receptacle was composed of what was no doubt a cobra's skin; and upon the top of the contents lay another, which, at first sight, resembled a snake closely coiled up. It was carefully removed; and below it were disclosed a number of small and glittering globes, which a close examina-

tion showed to be pearls of great value. Beside these, a strange-looking yellowish stone occupied a small partition, as though peculiar for some reason.

Wonder and joy now took the place of fear ; the treasure discovered was undoubtedly well worth the trouble taken, and anxiety endured on Maria's account, if nothing more should occur to frighten or disturb her. And she now seemed entirely recovered from her attack of terror, and declared that she was sure nothing could harm her, now the snake-spell had been broken by the proceedings of her uncle and Ramiro. She had not been present when they opened the box, and they were careful to say nothing to her of their own fright. But her uncle thought that the shock which she had experienced might still have had effects, and that perhaps it would be better to return for the present to Goa, and place her under the tender care of some of the Sisters of the Convent of St. Salvador, while he would himself return to missionary labours.

Accordingly, the next morning saw them re-crossing the lagoon on their homeward journey, leaving behind Nágkúnda and its dusky population, the latter greatly surprised at the lack of tragedy in the drama that had been acted on the Serpent's Rock.

The party arrived safely in Goa, and proceeded to the missionary's house. Ramiro now wished to take his leave, with many expressions of friendship for Father Cuchillo, and sympathy for the partially-restored Maria, whose features still bore the traces of a time of anxiety and fear. But the Father would not allow him to depart thus.

"We have," said he, "something to settle before you leave us. We must divide the treasure."

"I have nought to do with that," said Ramiro. "I had no merit in its discovery. 'Twas you, Father, who dared the deed which gave it to us. I was only——"

"Nonsense, nonsense, man," hastily interrupted Father

Cuchillo, "we were all equally concerned ; that is, I mean you and I were. I don't wish Maria to consider herself in any way implicated."

It was evident that the excellent missionary, despite his courage on the actual battle-field, was by no means anxious to engross the entire honour of the victory. Could he have feared some ultimate consequence that had better be shared as well as the spoil ?

"Father," said the hunter, "I am afraid of no consequences to myself. But, perhaps, if these demons have any power, they are more likely to be able to exercise it against her, who exposed herself, though unwittingly, to their spells, while under no such protection as you and I enjoyed, standing, as it were, under the shadow of the Cross."

"You speak truly, on my faith ; but say nothing of that to her. We can but hope and trust. But I am resolved you shall have your share of the booty, rescued by our united efforts from the very grasp of the Evil One."

It was in vain for Ramiro to asseverate that he had no wish for, no claim to, such a treasure. The jewels were produced, and the missionary divided them into three portions.

"One part is for the Church," said he, "the Church whose teachings enabled us to support and oppose the natural fears of our shrinking hearts ; a second is for you ; and the third shall be Maria's."

"And your own portion, Father ?" asked the hunter.

"All that is mine is the property of the Church ; what profit are pearls to me ? I will but keep the strange yellow stone as a curiosity."

The pearls were found to be of great price. Ramiro's share was sold by him for some thousands of réals. He was now rich ; and with riches he found the desire to be the husband of Maria grow stronger, for it need not, thought he, be restrained. The usual freemasonry of love had been established, unknown

to these young hearts, between them ; each intuitively knew the feelings of the other. He doubted not that the fair maiden would be his if he could summon up courage to ask her.

It was not very long before the courage and the opportunity were found. Under the tender light of the southern stars, in the palm-grove by her uncle's house, did Maria plight her troth to Ramiro. The padre was peacefully taking his after-dinner nap at the time, but was soon aroused to a sense of what was going forward. He was unfeignedly glad that his beloved neice had found so suitable a husband. Hard it would be to part with her, and to have in future no familiar voice to welcome him as he stepped out of the blazing sunshine into his own shady verandah ; hard to have none of his own kith and kin to dwell under the same roof and make him forget that he was a lonely old priest. But she must go some time, so why delay ? The sooner over the less painful the wrench. So he bestowed his blessing upon the lovers, and the wedding-day was fixed.

When that blissful period arrived, the usual array of presents was displayed. Conspicuous amongst these was the mysterious yellow stone, which the missionary had had set in a beautiful gold ring, as an ornament for the taper finger of the bride. All the servants and other natives dependent on the mission-house, or converts to Christianity, brought their little gifts of limes and plantains, sugar-candy and sweetmeats. Among these was the *málí*, or gardener, an individual who was of the snake-charmers' caste. Glancing his eye over the presents, set out on a long table, he saw the ring with its setting shining at the end by which Maria was sitting, receiving those who came to offer gifts and congratulations. He looked at it fixedly, then advanced and made his offering and salutation, still staring at the stone. Maria noticed the direction of his eyes.

"Do you see anything extraordinary in my ring, *Káwah* ?" said she.

"Where did the young lady get that stone?"

"My uncle gave it me, Káwah." (Maria did not know whence the stone had been obtained.)

"Well, it is the best gift you have here. Perhaps you may know its worth some day." And the *málí* turned and retired, muttering something to himself.

The wealth of the newly-married pair was sufficient to enable them to live in one of the best mansions then existing at Goa. Their "compound" was park-like in its dimensions, and their garden was extensive and full of all flowers and fruits which can be cultivated in that tropical region. Life fled on in a kind of delicious dream for Maria and Ramiro. They had no wish ungratified, and the cares of life seemed to have forgotten to trouble them. So passed away the months until the anniversary of the landing at *Nágkúnda* arrived.

On the evening of that day, Maria, tired from a walk to the Cathedral, whither she had gone to pray and offer thanks for what she sometimes still regarded as an escape from the powers of darkness, had lain down on her bed and gone to sleep. Ramiro was absent at the house of Father Cuchillo, and the abode was hushed and dark, the lights having not yet been kindled. Maria slept and dreamed. She thought that she landed yet again at *Nágkúnda*, and advanced as before to the bare and fragment-strewn mound. She seated herself on a stone, and her hand seemed to rest listlessly on the ground as it had done a year before. Again she felt the cold horror that had stricken her in that strange spot. With a start she awoke.

This time her fancy did not deceive her. Her hand was hanging down towards the floor; and over her hand the cold folds of a snake were being slowly drawn. She lay numbed with unutterable terror. The snake reared its horrid head, spread its dreadful hood, and glared upon her with its small round eye. It then lowered its head, as though to strike her

arm. She waited for the death-blow, incapable of resistance, motion, or even prayer. But it came not.

A gleam of light from the rising moon enabled her to see a mirror, which reflected what was passing at the bed-side to her eyes. The cobra's head was close to her hand, its coils were no longer strong as though for the fatal forward dart, but were relaxed, as they are when the snake is in movement. The attitude seemed to express, not hostility, but submission. In a few seconds the terrible visitor proceeded slowly to depart. Once or twice it turned, glanced back towards Maria, seemed to bow its head, and then disappeared in the darkness. Maria knew no more.

Her husband, on his return, found her lying on the bed in a dead faint. On her recovery she related what she had seen. Ramiro was inclined, at first, to attribute to fancy what she asserted to be fact; but the indisputable track of a snake was traceable on the floor. Then why had the reptile, if it came to destroy, departed in amity or submission?

When Maria was sufficiently herself again to pay a visit to her uncle's abode, she encountered in the garden the *málí*, Káwah. He smiled slightly when she accosted him.

"You heard of my adventure with the cobra, Káwah," said she.

"Yes; the lady knows now the value of the ring and the snake-stone."

"The snake-stone! Why do you call it so?"

"'Tis the stone that is formed in the head of a cobra-king! No snake will bite the person who wears that stone."

N. POWLETT.

Gwendoline.

SHOULD'ST thou come to me again
From the sunshine and the rain,
With thy laughter sweet and free—
O, how should I welcome thee?

Like a streamlet dark and cold,
Kindled into fiery gold
By a sunbeam swift that cleaves
Downward through the curtained leaves—

So this darkened life of mine
Lit with sudden joy would shine ;
And to greet thee I should start
With a great cry in my heart ;

Back to drop again ; the cry
On my trembling lips would die :
Thou would'st pass to be again
In the sunshine and the rain.

W. H. HUDSON.

Memorials of Gordon.

“ONE honest man, one wise man, one peaceful man, commands a hundred millions without a bâton and without a charger. He wants no fortress to protect him ; he stands higher than any citadel can raise him, brightly conspicuous to the most distant nations, God’s servant by election, God’s image by beneficence.” So wrote Landor, and so quotes Mr. Egmont Hake on the title-page of his second volume of “The Story of Chinese Gordon” (Remington & Co.). In an earlier number we followed, in company with Mr. Hake, the career of Gordon down to the date of his leaving England on a pacific mission to the Soudan ; and the publication of this second volume suggests a few observations on incidents occurring at the close of that heroic life. Our feelings with regard to him and his last venture are expressed by the sentence from Landor, which we accept and apply with a literalness not intended, we take it, by Mr. Hake. “He wants no fortress to protect him ; he stands higher than any citadel could raise him.” Had those words been Gordon’s motto to the end, the end would not have been yet.

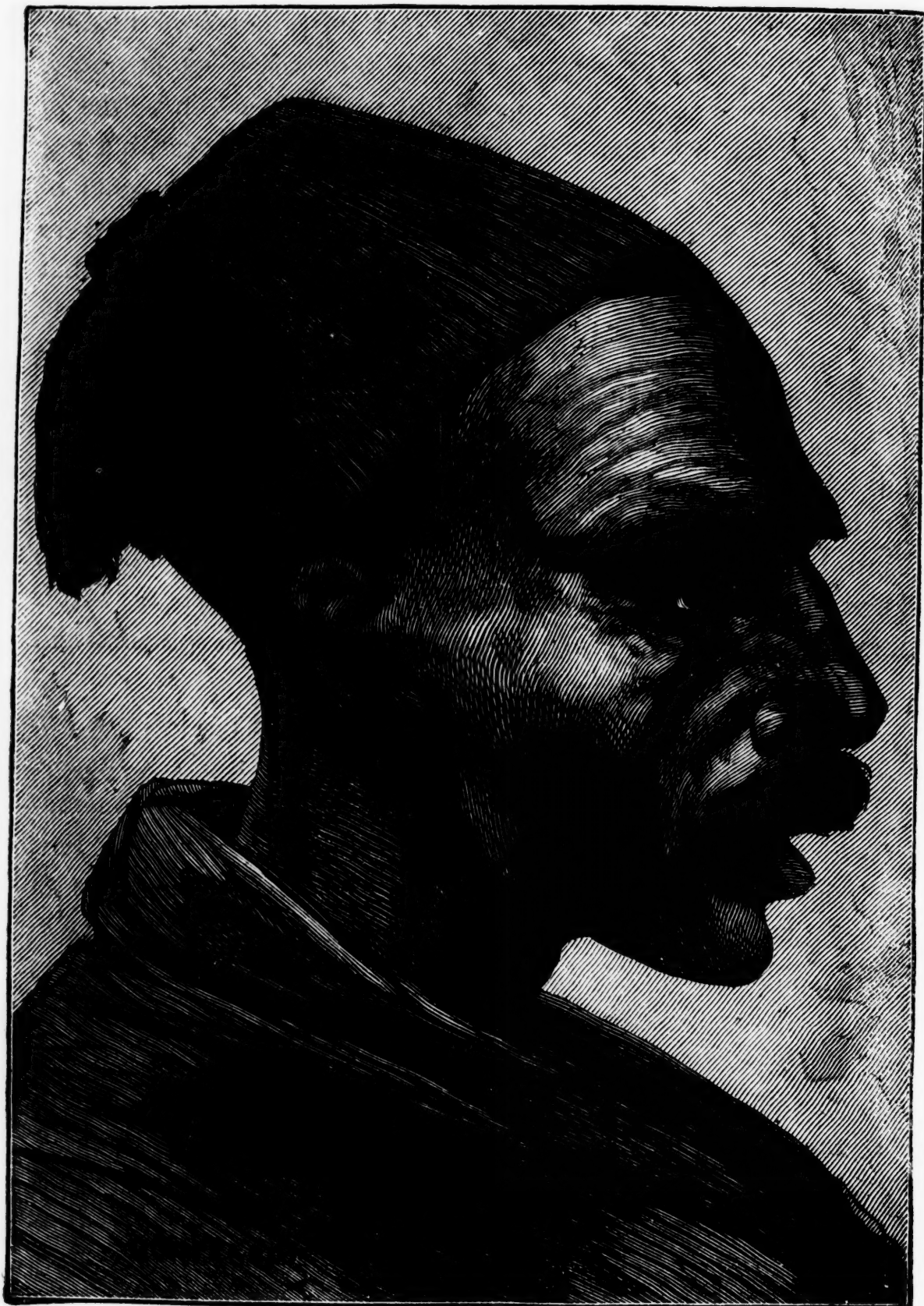
If there is anything in Mr. Hake’s narrative which we would hesitate to praise, it is the chapter in which he passes almost lightly over a change in Gordon’s plans, and a change which we believe to have been pregnant with disaster. We are only repeating a story commonly told, when we say that Lord Granville on one occasion lamented to Sir Henry Gordon that Government could not communicate with his brother at Khartoum, whereupon Sir Henry fervently replied, “Thank God for that !” It was the telegram from Downing Street, following Gordon from Charing Cross, and telling him to confer with Sir

Evelyn Baring before he set off southward, that changed the envoy of peace into the belligerent captive of Khartoum. His own better thought had been to proceed, *via* Suakim, direct to the scene of the Mahdi's operations. He would have passed into the disaffected provinces and into the very presence of the Mahdi, as a peacemaker from England. But he was degraded by Sir Evelyn Baring and by the Khedive into a mere ruler from mercenary and corrupt Cairo. His few days' sojourn in the capital of oppression, from which no good thing could come to oppressed races, was in truth the beginning of the end. He went to Khartoum as the Governor-General of the Soudan, and was keen to "smash" the Mahdi, into whose tent at Obeid he might have gone and been welcomed as a friend.

It was thus that the mission was marred in Cairo; and though nothing could affect the personal conduct of Gordon, even that conduct could not redeem the time which had been worse than lost in the Cabinet of a petty diplomatist, or in an exchange of compliments with a ruler who is loathed by those over whom, by virtue or vice of English bayonets, he rules. The good nature of Gordon had gone too far; and the sacrifice of his independence was to be consummated in the sacrifice of his life. Meanwhile, in all his own acts, he could not bear himself as other than a hero. Whatever misgivings haunted him in respect of his new policy as he rode on his dromedary through the desert, he buried them away in his own heart and kept a bold front to the world. To the terror-stricken garrison of Khartoum he telegraphed: "You are men, not women. Be not afraid. I am coming." It was in February, 1884, that he reached the capital. "I come without soldiers," he said, "but with God on my side, to redress the evils of this land. I will not fight with any weapons but justice. There shall be no more Bashi-bazouks." Summoning the officials, he held a levee, to which he bade the rich and the poor alike. To all their complaints he gave a hearing. This over, he ordered all

the Government records of imprisonments and fines due, together with the kourbashes, whips and other instruments of torture, to be collected and burned outside the palace—a bonfire it is sufficiently suggestive to contrast with that which blazed in Florence when Savonarola destroyed the far different, but not less tyrannous, literature of folly, together with implements of vanity and softness. Mr. Howells has lately remarked that there is a certain inconsistency in our instinctive sympathy with that Florentine iconoclast, whose wholesale asceticism we certainly do not practice in our own streets and houses. But the willingest devisers of Coercion Acts at home will not question the propriety of this holocaust at Khartoum. Moreover, the prison doors were opened. Two hundred men, women, and children, of all ages, were found lying in chains; and an inquiry into their offences was followed by an order to set the captives free. When darkness came there was another bonfire—this time of the prison itself. Round and about its lurid ruins half the population danced far into the night.

It is not our purpose here to tell over again the story which has appeared in perplexing instalments in the newspapers during the last fifteen months, and which Mr. Hake consecutively relates in his new and deeply interesting volume. It is not his fault if his narrative reads at times something like an indictment of the Ministry responsible for a train of events in which Gordon played the hero's and the martyr's part. With such facts to treat, and with a style which is that rather of the professed story-teller than of the dry-as-dust historian, it was impossible for our author not to create on the mind of the reader a very vivid impression of the blunders of years by which Alexandria was first bombarded, and Khartoum finally fell. Everybody knows by now that the bravery which took Gordon unarmed to Khartoum equally prevented him from leaving the city, except in company with the garrison. He had not mastered that morality of bombast which, after creating



ZEBEHR PASHA.

terrific blood-feuds between race and race, can promise to friendly tribes a hundred years' sojourn in their midst—only to leave them naked to their enemies within a hundred days. He was not willing to be dragged through the mire because at the end of a road of shame there might be waiting for him the commonplace of official praises, a money bribe, or even a passport to the House of Lords. His was not that obtuse mind which could not distinguish between the different conditions of war in remote desert and war in a land of ready resources, and which filled the well and cut down the palm—the sustenance of man and of beast. Cairo had wrecked his policy, but his purpose was high and single as ever.

But two things he did ask from the home Government—he asked for four thousand Turkish troops and for the appointment of Zebehr Pasha as his successor in the governorship of the Soudan. Both these requests were refused. In the case of Zebehr, Lord Granville quoted Gordon's own former opinion of the nefarious slave-dealer as evidence why he should not be taken into service by the Government; and he calmly ensconced himself in his arm-chair in Downing Street to write a short and superficial history of Zebehr, for the information of the man who knew Zebehr and all his ways literally by heart. Perhaps that document will remain as the crowning triumph of Downing Street self-sufficiency—a triumph which involved, alas! the defeat far away which was rapidly to ensue. Thus it was that Gordon expressed his bitter indignation and his determination to accept the sole responsibility for what he did. He declared he would never abandon a garrison which had not abandoned him. He had borrowed money from the people, and called upon them to sell their grain at a low price; and, whatever now their lot, that also should be his. If he could not hold out and quell the rebellion, he would leave to the Government "the indelible disgrace of abandoning the garrisons of Sennaar, Kassala, Berber, and Dongola."

A few months of delay at home and of terrible suspense in Khartoum, and all was over. Gordon had not been left by diplomacy to his own devices when he ought to have been, and now he was left when he ought not to have been. But the "nation grew impatient once more, and our rulers, with the ballot-boxes full in view, equipped the force for his relief. It was a farce," says Mr. Hake, "and they knew it. Mr. Gladstone's faculty of self-delusion can only be qualified as exceptional. It is possible, therefore, that when, in the autumn of '84, he made his parade through Scotland for the exceeding good of his country, he knew not, or had forgotten, that he had betrayed his trust and sacrificed her greatest son. It is certain that months afterwards he received the news of Gordon's death with equanimity, and that he attributed the misfortune to his victim's peculiar 'temerity.' On Gordon's part there were no such comfortable illusions. He died in utter scorn of the men who had betrayed him. 'I will accept nothing from the Gladstone Government, not even my expenses.'" These were almost his last words; but there are others which are more happily held in memory. "Any one whom God gives to be much in union with Him cannot suffer a pang even at death. For what is death to a believer?" Thus wrote Gordon to his sister Augusta during his last days; and that he died in this belief, as he had lived in it, is, says Mr. Hake, who is his relative as well as his biographer, "the only comfortable circumstance of our bereavement."

Besides his letters and the Diary, which, under Mr. Hake's editorship, will be immediately given to the expectant public by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., yet another precious memento remains of the last months of the life of the hero. It has reached Dublin and the family of the late correspondent of the *Times* in Khartoum—he whose letters add so beautiful a chapter to this sad history of a national blunder, worse in its effects than a crime; and it takes the form of a tiny book

—a duodecimo copy of Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius," with handwriting and marks inside. On the fly-leaf is an inscription :—" Frank Power, with kindest regards of C. G. Gordon. 18 Feb. 84 ;" and lower, across the same page :—" Dearest M——, I send you this little book, which General Gordon has given me. The pencil-marking throughout the book is his. Frank Power, Khartoum." The book has been forwarded to Mr. Power's sister, for whom his affectionate remembrance had destined the precious souvenir. The deep, incisive pencil-marks drawn under certain lines, almost all of which name death, and cry for the prayers of friends, are touchingly interesting to see. " Pray, for me, oh my friends !" "'Tis death—oh, loving friends, your prayers —'tis he !" " So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray !" " Use well the interval !" " Prepare to meet thy God !" " Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled," with many other longer passages all bearing on the supreme moment at hand. The last words underlined before he gave the book to poor young Power are these :—

" Farewell, but not for ever, brother dear :
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow."

The latest touch of interest is given to this most pathetic incident by a letter written by Cardinal Newman to Mr. Power's sister, who had sent the tiny, well-thumbed volume to the author of the "Dream of Gerontius." Cardinal Newman writes :—

" Your letter and its contents took away my breath. I was deeply moved to find that a book of mine had been in General Gordon's hands, and that the description of a soul preparing for death. I send it back to you, with my heartfelt thanks, by this post, in a registered cover. It is additionally precious as having Mr. Power's writing in it."

We may add that, before returning the original copy, the Cardinal scored on a duplicate all the marks made by General Gordon and by Mr. Power. And in future years a doubly-prized relic at the Birmingham Oratory will be the little volume of great poetry, linking together, and so tenderly, two contemporary names which have added glory to their generation, and were rewarded by its abundant love.

A. C. OPIE.

Reviews and Views.

READERS of the *Pall Mall Gazette* have been interested by the recent article on Religious Sisterhoods, written by a lady under the conditions essential to all good writing ; for Mrs. Bishop, as a Catholic, has a knowledge of, and a pleasure in, her subject. The fact that she was chosen by Professor Ruskin to preside over his May Day festival gives a particular value to her description of the scene, and of its actors, which is published this month in our pages. The portrait of Mr. Ruskin, which may be accepted as the most successful one ever yet issued—comes from the Oxford Street studio of Mr. Barraud.

Among the painters who have done full justice to themselves this year is Mr. Millais. He seems to have recovered, under slightly altered conditions, the hand and eye of his most vigorous time. Three or four years ago he showed his friends the first picture he had painted with glasses, and it had obviously been produced under a new range of sight ; but now all circumstances have been made to adapt themselves to the master's manner, and he sees and paints as freely with glasses as he ever did without. The portrait of Mr. Gladstone in office will be compared with the portrait in opposition of five years ago. The conscientious and even pious protest which was expressed by the picture painted before the general election of 1880 has given way to a look that seems to denote a kind of release of Mr. Gladstone's conscience—from other people's sins. But the painter's triumph is in the portrait at the Academy of Mr. Simon Fraser—a far nobler piece of work,

full of dignity and distinction. In "The Rural Passion" Mr. Millais seems to refute the clamour of those who, year by year, have complained of his abandonment of subject for portrait. In so far as the picture is a composition, it is far-fetched in intention, and rather poor; in so far as it is a group of portraits, it is admirable. And this painter's invention in subjects has, in fact, almost always been of a kind that rather curiously combines remoteness and triviality. That piper and those girls last year made up a typical Millais-subject, full of search, without imagination. It is, indeed, only during the last ten years that we have seen the revival in England of the noble art of portrait, so thoroughly respected in the great days of our national school, and that revival has given Mr. Millais the hint and opportunity to stick to his own distinctively excellent work.

Mr. Colin Hunter probably astonished all landscape painters of his date by announcing a visit to Niagara. Other men were doing their utmost to avoid mountains, lakes, and even the smallest waterfall, somewhat after the manner of the lover's journey described by the happy Battina—we quote from memory: "*Figurez-vous, nous n'avons rien vu—rien—pas une montagne, pas la plus petite cathédrale.*" But Mr. Colin Hunter crossed the ocean to make a picture of the great cascade of the world. It seemed such an abandonment of "motives" and such a return to "subjects" as we were not prepared for even in these days of quick reactions. When it proved, however, that the artist had painted not the Falls, but the Rapids above—not scenery, but a passage—his choice seemed more explicable. And how wisely he determined the motive of his great picture is proved by the banality of the little canvas in which, to save the situa-

tion in the eyes of the public, perhaps, he has given a view of the Falls themselves. For the great picture of the Rapids the painter has chosen what may be called a strong grey day, and his work treats of strong grey water. The multitude, the innumerableness, of that water is exceedingly well given, but its liquidity is perhaps not so good.

A rather curious point as to the degeneration of words is touched upon in the article on "Mirth" in our foregoing pages. The writer says that Darwin's theory of progression is contrasted by the analogy of speech, which has degenerated both as to the organism of grammar and as to the dignity of meaning attached to certain words. Now, in the first instance, the remark is apt and very suggestive. Highly organized tongues are so antique, and many of the modern so poor in construction, that students of language have been led to consider whether the scarcely articulate words of the savage, which need the help of vocal and facial expression to mark their meaning, are not rather corruptions than rudiments of national speech—an old age rather than an infancy of language. But it is quite otherwise with the deterioration in the meaning of particular words. Here the tendency makes directly for a belief in progress. *For every degraded word is a euphemism.* And, being such, it proves an increase in delicacy of feeling, whether a delicacy of modesty or a delicacy of charity. Who will not at once call to mind the word by which we hint a woman's defect? In England it is "plain," in America "homely," and how sensitive and kind the words are! The thing they are intended to suggest of course unfortunately remains, and has to be mentioned. For this purpose the two words have lost their fine old meanings, and there certainly is, in this sense, a degeneracy, but it is a degeneracy implying a beautiful improvement in politeness. We cannot now speak, as Pepys did, of "looking on a pretty plain woman at church," but we must remember that the

Diarist would have used a rough word to describe a woman who had no charm to console him for the length of the sermon. So with a hundred other words which will occur in abundance to the reader. The evils of the world being still with us, they must be described *somehow*; well, we use gentle words to suggest them. And as those gentle words become by habit too much associated with the evils, we relinquish them and choose others still gentler. This is one of the many senses in which language is what Emerson calls it—"fossil poetry."

Mr. Fildes' Venetian picture is fully equal in the brilliancy of its daylight to any of his work last year, but the present composition is not quite so happy as usual. He has undoubtedly carried the rendering of full grey open-air light to a point seldom achieved before, and to say this is to give him credit for extraordinary science. Sunshine has often been excellently well rendered, and every one can appreciate that kind of brightness; but the intense sunless illumination of the light surfaces of the girls' dresses in this picture is a rarer success. The girls themselves have *entrain* and vitality, but the fact that they have been studied from many of the models of last year loses them a little interest. Admirable, however, is that baby in the background, with the light absorbing its indefinite head.

But the great achievement of the year in the rendering of the perfect truth and tone of Nature belongs to Mr. Stanhope Forbes, round whose "Fish-sale on the Cornish Coast" the artists clustered on varnishing-day and the critics on the press-day, though the public treats it with perfect impartiality. More than any painter exhibiting in London this year, Mr.

Forbes has compassed that kind of completeness which is right from the beginning, and has no affinity to Mr. Ruskin's "added truth." There is nothing "added" in the beautiful singleness and unity of this fine study of Nature; and here the actions of the figures have the same perfect relation as the light and tone. Bad players on the stage have little true communication, even when they speak and look at one another; the figures in an ordinarily bad picture have the same unsatisfactory, dull, and indefinite independence. Mr. Forbes has gathered his chatting, chaffering, undemonstrative fisher-folk into an unmistakable unity and communication. In the painting of his fish, too, he has been far more simple and direct than the usual painter of wet fish, who seeks to make the most of Nature and to surprise us with colour; and yet Mr. Forbes's moderate colour here is singularly beautiful; so is it in the greys of the still sky, sand, and long ripples of the shallow sea. The only fault in this valuable picture is a certain heaviness and monotony in a single passage—where the sea between the groups and the horizon has a certain wall-like effect.

We have dwelt upon the "Fish-sale" because its merits are distinctive of the good work of our younger men. They are aiming not at action, colour, or line, but at "values" primarily. Others in the Academy who have succeeded in this respect—if less strikingly than Mr. Forbes—are Mr. Tom Lloyd, in his very lovely "Toilers of the Sea," in which exquisitely sympathetic beauty of climate and sun are combined with the truth that is generally applied to grey subjects; Mr. Wyllie; and Mr. Waterhouse, in his "St. Eulalia," where he finely has rendered flesh in the white light of snow, and has also displayed serious drawing of the figure. Mr. Logsdail, who triumphed so signally last year in this particular excellence of light, is

quite unworthily represented by small studies of Venice in dull but violent colour. Mr. Van Haanen was not admitted this season, on the ground that his work was not "up to the mark." The visitor, who has full opportunity of seeing on the Academy line what this "mark" really is, will doubtless wonder whether Mr. Van Haanen's worst could by moral possibility come down to it. Among the great successes of the year are Mr. Henry Moore's noble sea-pieces, Mr. Walter Hunt's calves, and Miss Dorothy Tennant's exquisite and rare quality in flesh-painting at the Grosvenor.

In Victor Hugo's case the time had come, even before his death, for taking such calm views of his genius as are proper to posterity. He had outlived not only his own youth and prime, but the youth—that is, the very life—of a great young literary movement. The romantic phase of French letters waxed and waned within the compass of the great writer's eighty-three years. For once, art was short and life was long. We stand in another age to review the true greatness and the mere bigness of Victor Hugo. For he was great and big, strong and violent, dramatic and theatrical—and, in a word, compassed many of those characteristics which are discordant and akin.

The death of the great French writer has somewhat overwhelmed the regret which Paris feels at the loss, in his full vigour, of Alphonse de Neuville, whose battle-painting was unequal, but generally vividly energetic and rightly pictorial. It must be owned that his poorest work was done for England, when he produced a "Rorke's Drift" in which there was a kind of manufacture of heads and bodies, wounds and attitudes, without individuality of intention or sincerity. But his really

fine pictures—great and little—had a true modern grasp of the unit, the soldier in his own habitual character and accidental action. Having served in a corps which art contributed to the defence of Paris in the war, de Neuville painted inimitable experience. His “*Dernières Cartouches*,” which first made his fame, showed a barricaded upper room in a house, where a handful of French soldiers have defended themselves until the ammunition is all spent. Death is coming, and there is nothing to do until it comes. Here is the tragedy and originality of the picture. Some of the men have their hands in their pockets. His tone was admirable, and his whole *technique* good, but for a certain excessive or rash facility, which made a contemporary say that he painted a picture too much as a man writes a letter. He had a large share—perhaps the largest share—in making the whole art of modern battle-painting. Personally, de Neuville had both frankness and dignity; he had the simple good-comradeship of the Parisian painter, but no lack of finish of manner. He was buried—conspicuously, in these times—with religious rites.

It is seldom that a young volume comes before readers of poetry with so much freshness and sweetness in its verse as will be found in Miss Katherine Tynan's “*Louise de la Vallière, and other Poems*,” for young work is generally the opposite of fresh work, having, besides the customary imitative echoes, a false air of staleness of its own. Miss Tynan writes in fervour and abundance of imagination, in true poetic form, and with a most musical if slightly mannered diction. Her title poem and one or two other pieces in the volume are already known to readers of our pages, and will gain a double welcome in company with such truly exquisite poetry as that of “*The Dreamers*” and “*The Dead Christ*.”

The new volume of the "New Arabian Nights," which Mr. R. L. and Mrs. Stevenson have issued under the title of "The Dynamiter" (Longmans & Co.), is composed of stories within stories, combined in the manner of the Oriental originals—a manner never before so curiously imitated in English. Mr. Stevenson has theories of the art of fiction, but he has also high spirits, without which a theory of fiction would readily result in something deliberate, if not dismal. And besides the freshness and abundance of his high spirits, he has an inventiveness pressed down and running over, an affluence in events which is something altogether strange to our time. The theory to which we have alluded is that a narrator should narrate, and it is good that a reader should remember the situations and that events of a story as he does those of reality, and apart from any form of words that has described them. To produce such an effect as this upon the imagination and the memory, it is obviously necessary that an author should work with simple materials in the matter of character. His personages must be by no means subtly conceived; they must be perfectly broad, but not merely the types of good and bad, and wise and foolish, persons with which poor story-tellers are apt to rest content; they must be persons quite alive, and none the less alive for the audacious impossibilities of romance. And such are Mr. Stevenson's "spirited old lady," his "fair Cuban," his "Zero," his "Prince," and the other actors in his brilliant story.

To hint at the chain and sequence of events, the delightful illusions of the reader, the touches of frolic which accompany his disillusion, the identity of the persons, and the ending of the intrigue, would be to spoil the interest of Mr. Stevenson's frank story-telling. We may simply let the reader know that the tales result from the meeting of three impecunious young

men at a cigar-divan, and their going forth in search of adventures in the streets of London. One of them is doubtful at first about the quest. He says : "I was neither born nor bred as a detective, but as a placable and very thirsty gentleman. . . . As for clues and adventures, the only adventure that is ever likely to occur to me will be an adventure with a bailiff." "Now there is the fallacy," cried Somerset. "There I catch the secret of your futility in life. The world teems and bubbles with adventure ; it besieges you along the street : hands waving out of windows, swindlers coming up and swearing they knew you when you were abroad, affable and doubtful people of all sorts and conditions begging and truckling for your notice. But not you : you turn away, you walk your seedy mill-round, you must go the dullest way. Now here, I beg of you, the next adventure that offers itself, embrace it with both your arms ; whatever it looks, grimy or romantic, grasp it." The last speaker was a sceptic, who had "no horror at command, whether for crimes or vices, but beheld and embraced the world with an immoral approbation, the frequent consequence of youth and health." How he is forced to recognize a conscience within himself and a law for others the reader will discover. The three young men are absolutely unlike one another, and briefly and completely intelligible. He whose experiences are told last is, like the youngest prince in the fairy tales, the one whom the reader loves. The character of the adventures found by all three is indicated by the title of the book. Though the stories will and should be frankly read for their story, we find here and there, and especially at the close, some sweet, honest, and manly morality. Hardly less welcome is the good frolic of the author's humour. As for the romance, it should raise the action of any but very *blasé* pulses.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

He sang of Nature : not as one who bore
A wanton worship, yielded waywardly
To some vague myth, unconscious essence free,
Or ideal'd shade—taking the robe God wore
For God Himself. But as a priest before
An altar shrine, with heart uplift to see
The Unseen Presence brooding endlessly
Athwart creation to the utmost shore
Of space and time ; and hearing evermore
“ The still, sad music of humanity : ”
And so we love him. Heaven to him the key
Of Nature gave to ope for us the door
Of that great temple of the King of kings,
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